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CANADA.—THE MARQUIS OF LORNE INITIATING OUR CORRESPONDENT INTO THE PERILOUS PLEASURES OF TOBOGGGING, AT RIDEAU HALL, OTTAWA.—SEE PAGE 422.

FRANK LESLIE'S
ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER,
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FRANK LESLIE, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.
NEW YORK, FEBRUARY 7, 1880.

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NOTICE.

FRANK LESLIE'S PUBLISHING HOUSE,
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NEW YORK, January 17th, 1880.

Under the assignment, and with the assent of Mrs. Miriam F. Leslie, the widow of Frank Leslie, and his sole legatee under his will, the publications of the House will be continued as heretofore under the management of the undersigned.

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I. W. ENGLAND,
ASSIGNEE.

THE MAINE EMBROGLO.

THE embroglo in the executive and legislative organization of the State of Maine seemed for a moment to have reached a solution which might be regarded as final and conclusive. When Governor Garcelon and his council determined to throw out the returns from certain towns and precincts on mere questions of form, they betrayed a disposition to exalt the mere letter of the law over its spirit. It was well known that the people of Maine at the last election had chosen a majority of Republicans to compose the State Legislature. To defeat this will under color of adhering to the letter which kills, and at the sacrifice of the spirit which makes alive, was to incur a grave responsibility not only in the eyes of the citizens of Maine, but in the eyes of the whole American people, who cannot look with composure on the subversion of political and moral right. It was to revert to practices in other States which the sound sense of the nation had condemned.

It seems to be regarded by the advocates and abettors of the so-called "Fusion" Legislature that though on a final scrutiny of the case the merits of the questions at issue would have probably been decided in favor of the Republicans who were elected, but who failed to receive the due official certificates at the hands of the Governor and council, it is at the same time none the less true that the "Fusion" bearers of these certificates had a *prima facie* right to take their seats in the Legislature. On this theory it is held that the Republicans who claimed to have been fairly elected, and to have been illegally deprived of their certificates, could appear before the Legislature only as contestants after the Legislature had been duly organized by its certificated members.

There might have been some color of truth in this representation if, anterior to the meeting of the Legislature, Governor Garcelon had not submitted to the Supreme Court of Maine a series of questions designed to test the legality of the grounds on which the council had made its award of certificates. On questions formulated by the Governor himself the Supreme Court returned a series of answers which had for their effect to convict the council of error in all the essential rulings by which it had reached its decisions in the premises. It was an inevitable consequence of this action on the part of the Court that the odor of legality was at once transferred to the Republican members who had been unlawfully evicted of their seats, and the members of the "Fusion" Legislature, in attempting to effect an organization on the strength of certificates which had been pronounced invalid by the chief judiciary of the State, were guilty not only of imprudence but of something closely akin to political contumacy. It is no matter of surprise, therefore, that, in pursuance of the opinions

already foreshadowed, the Court should have subsequently thrown the scale of legality over the constituents and organization of the Republican majority in both Houses, although their opinion in that case was not within the range marked out and was really extra-judicial. And just as little is it a matter of surprise that the Republican majority, supported in their claims and pretensions by the Supreme Court, should have proceeded to constitute themselves into the regular Legislature of the State, and to complete the organization of the Executive department by electing a Republican Governor under the forms prescribed by the Constitution of the State when there has been no choice by the people.

The spectacle now presented by the Pine Tree State, with a dual Executive and a dual Legislature, with excited partisans thronging the halls of the State House and trembling from day to day on the brink of anarchy, while a major-general of militia kept the peace, and preserved the public property of the State—this strange and novel spectacle is far from being one which the lover of law and order can contemplate with satisfaction. And yet there is one aspect of the case in which we can find some consolation for the unseemly and untoward exhibition. If recent events in Maine have put a fierce and unnatural strain on our political system, it is some compensation to know that the civil institutions of Maine seem adequate to weather the crisis without precipitating the people into the throes and agitations of a revolutionary struggle.

For days the State of Maine was without an Executive head and without a recognized Legislature; yet the whole body politic of the commonwealth was so instinct with the forces of a conscious political life that the currents of business and of social order moved on as before without shock and without intermission. It is only in communities which have attained to the stage of what Doctor Lieber has called "institutional liberty" that such a phenomenon could have been witnessed. When the political life is congested in the head, and not equally diffused through the entire organism of the State, such a stroke of political paralysis would have carried wreck and ruin through the whole system. But in Maine the presence of a major-general of militia, with only the *simulacrum* of a military force at his command, proved sufficient to meet the emergency thrust upon the State by a political squabble between its excited partisans contending for supremacy with more of heat than discretion.

It seems to us that Governor Chamberlain, in the difficult position he was called to fill, held the scales evenly between the "Fusionists" and their competitors. It will be gratifying to know that if the quivering balances of law and order have at length been righted and steadied in Maine, they have not been righted or steadied by laying a sword in the balance of one party against the balance held by the other party. If it is through some defects of form that the Republicans have attained to a control of the Legislature and to a possession of the Executive, it is only just to admit that the steps taken have the support of the supreme judiciary, and that the will of the people, as expressed through the ballot-box, has been substantially carried out, though with much more of friction and irregularity than it is pleasant to contemplate.

The case is one where a state of events has arisen of which the possibility was never contemplated by the framers of the State Constitution, and where neither party occupies a perfectly defensible position. It is a case calling for the exercise of the highest political wisdom, and, what is more, of the most thorough honesty.

It is greatly to be hoped that such deplorable conflicts as these, fought over the very palladium of American liberty, may not be drawn into precedent. To poison the ballot-box is to poison the very fountain of the nation's public life. To misread the returns of the ballot-box is to defraud the people of their best guarantee against revolutionary resorts, for the framers of our institutions supposed that they had shut the door against all such resorts when they opened a door for the redress of all grievances through the awards of the electoral urn.

LEAP YEAR.

LEAP YEAR is generally understood to be a necessity which arises from the unfortunate length of the year. Were the year precisely 360 days in length it could be nicely divided into twelve months of thirty days each, but as it consists of 365 days and a residue of certain odd hours, minutes and seconds, it becomes impossible to so divide it. Even if we were to divide it into five months of seventy-three days each, there would still be the exasperating remainder of hours, minutes and seconds, not to mention the fact that such a division would at once ruin the Quarterly Reviews and seriously interfere with the business of

the Monthly Magazines. It has always been urged that since the length of the year is regulated by the sun, common decency requires that the moon should be recognized in the arrangement of the months. Thus all nations have agreed in making their months not much longer than the length of time occupied by the moon in revolving around the earth; but how to arrange twelve months in such a way as not to have any odd days and hours at the end of the year is a problem which has never yet been solved in a satisfactory way.

The Egyptians boldly grappled with the matter by making each of the twelve months thirty days in length. They thus at the end of the year, issued the remaining days as a supplement. The fault of this system was that, while it accounted for 365 days, it left the remaining five hours forty-eight minutes and fifty seconds unaccounted for. The result was that after a few years a new day made its mysterious appearance. This created in the popular mind a feeling of great uncertainty. It was felt by the Egyptian public that the year could not be trusted, and that if a new and unexpected day could thus turn up, there was no security that a new month might not suddenly appear and throw the entire business of the kingdom into disorder. The scientific men of the period tried to straighten things by issuing larger and larger supplements, but in time it became evident that the calendar must be reformed.

As every one knows, Julius Caesar was the first man who invented leap-year. But he, too, made an error. He assumed that the year consisted of 365 days and six hours, which was eleven minutes and ten seconds too much. Of course, this error became more and more manifest as time went on, and when Pope Gregory XIII. made the first reformation of the calendar it was thought wise to drop no less than ten days from this particular year before taking a fresh start. This was perhaps necessary, but it was hard for the children whose birthdays came within the dropped days, whereby they lost all birthday parties and presents for that year. It was probably this consideration which prevented Russia from adopting the Gregorian reformation. Certainly the retention of the Julian calendar has given the Russian small boy a vast advantage over other European boys in the matter of Christmas. The children of the Duke of Edinburgh, for example, have the regular Christmas Day of England, and in addition they, of course, keep the Russian Christmas of their mother, twelve days later.

It was, doubtless, Pope Gregory who also invented the cheerful metrical table, beginning, "Thirty days hath September"; for, without the aid of this, it would have been obviously impossible for him to remember the peculiarities of the months. It is, however, wrong to credit him with the original invention of leap-year, an invention which was solely the work of Julius Caesar. The Pope meant well, and, perhaps, did improve as well as reform the calendar, but for leap-year no responsibility attaches to him.

It must strike every man who loves order and exactness that the use of leap-year is, after all, a mere palliation. It is the compensation for an error and not the correction and total abolition of the error itself. The trouble in the calendar arises partly from the effort to show respect to both the sun and the moon, and partly from the impossibility of exactly dividing the year by twelve. The true scientific and manly way of meeting this difficulty would be to either reconcile the sun and moon, or to give to the year a number of days which could be divided into equal months without leaving a remainder.

The difficulty which exists in the fact that twelve lunar months do not make a year can be abolished by simply abandoning all reference to the moon in arranging the calendar. In the days when the moon was regarded as a goddess of exceptional respectability—for that little scandal in connection with Endymion was never thoroughly investigated, and may be regarded as not proven—it was very proper to treat her with respect. But we have long ago ceased to believe in the divinity of the moon. Indeed, we have latterly learned that she is a dead planet, and her persistence in revolving around the sun, as if she were still alive, is believed by many astronomers to have no higher motive than a desire to avoid funeral expenses. A dead moon deserves no kind of consideration, and we should arrange our months without the slightest reference to her.

We can, then, so far as our relations with the moon are concerned, have as long or as short months as we please. People whose salaries are paid monthly will naturally want short months. If Mr. Denis Kearney were really a statesman, he would insist that all wages should be paid by the month instead of the day, and that there should be at least twenty-four months in the year. This would be merely an expansion of the principal of the Eight Hour Law, and it will sooner or later become one of the chief "planks" of the Communist Party. Science, however, need not concern herself with this. What science should endeavor

to do is to give us a year which can be accurately divided into a reasonable number of symmetrical months.

No one can deny the scientific eminence of Professor Paddock, of Edinburgh. He does not believe in the existence of a God, of a future world, or of any distinction between morality and crime. Hence he must evidently be a scientific person of transcendent ability. This learned and gifted man proposed, just as an experiment, to try to extinguish Vesuvius by filling the crater with water. He thinks that if water enough is pumped into the crater the volcano will be extinguished, and that by a like process all existing volcanoes can be put out. If this be true, he has unconsciously hit on the true way to reform the calendar.

If we put out the volcanoes we put out at the same time the central fires of the earth. This will greatly hasten the cooling of the earth. In all probability the earth would become as cool in the course of three or four years as, in the ordinary course of things, she would become in a hundred thousand years. The shrinkage of the earth consequent upon cooling would be correspondingly rapid. Among the results of this shrinkage would be the increased velocity of the earth's motion and the shortening of the year.

What we ought to do is to turn water into the volcanoes until the cooling of the earth brings the year to the precise length of 360 days. We would then have twelve months of thirty days each, and there would be no need of leap-year. This would be a radical and scientific reformation of the calendar, and there is no doubt that Professor Paddock, now that it is suggested to him, will enthusiastically advocate it.

WHEN a man with many aliases acknowledges that while serving a term in Sing Sing he learned the "art of a boarding-house thief," and that within the seven months that have elapsed since his release he has committed twenty-two thefts in boarding-houses, there are people who will be anxious to know what kind of discipline is maintained in that institution.

In the account of Mr. Frank Leslie's funeral published in our last issue, we inadvertently omitted mention of the presence of the officers of the American Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals in this city, and delegates from a number of branch societies in this and other States. We particularly regret this omission because of the long and warm relations which had existed between Mr. Leslie and President Bergh.

THE authorities of Tennessee, appearing determined to check the escape of prisoners from their keepers, and at the same time to give a warrant for extreme means of retaining possession of convicts both in prison and while being conveyed from court to prison, have decided upon a law of great latitude. According to this new code an officer, having a prisoner in custody for felony who attempts to escape, will be excused for killing him if he cannot be otherwise retaken; but, if he can be otherwise retaken, in any case, without resort to such harsh measures, it will be at least manslaughter to kill him. But, in cases where the person slain is arrested or held in custody for a misdemeanor, and he fly or attempt to escape, it will be murder in the officer to kill him, although he can not be otherwise overtaken; yet, under some circumstances, it may be only manslaughter, as if it appear death was not intended. It is considered better to allow one guilty only of a misdemeanor to escape altogether than to take his life.

A SUIT, understood to be of a friendly character, is to be instituted by the Insurance Commissioner of Missouri to determine the legal right of benevolent societies to engage in life insurance business. This proceeding will be watched by thousands of families throughout the United States, because it is directed from some motive against the popular Orders of Masonry, Odd Fellowship, Knights of Pythias, Knights of Honor, and many others of a similar character, which have of late years transacted a large and extremely satisfactory business in a cheap and simple form of life insurance. In addition to the old established Orders, new ones are springing up every year or two for the express purpose of affording an inexpensive method of making pecuniary provisions for wives and children after the death of the members. Almost every trade organization now has its insurance feature. The associations within the societies are, in general, successful. The members join freely, having greater confidence in the officers they associate with weekly or oftener than in those of public companies they seldom see. They know that none of the profits are devoted to the erection and furnishing of business palaces, and they know that the amount insured for will be paid promptly without any contest, fee or reservation. Thousands of men belonging to one or more such associations are now carrying insurance varying from \$500 to \$7,000, at an annual cost of from \$5 to \$75 per year. The usual rate is \$1 or \$1.10 on a death, and the amount of insurance is either \$1 for every member at the time of a death, if the membership is not limited, or from \$1,000 to \$3,000 where the membership is limited or classified. It will thus be seen that this form of insurance is the cheapest and the simplest of any of which a man can take advantage. Many societies that could be mentioned have accumulated handsome assets in the long years of their existence. All such funds are being returned to the members in dividends on each

death, thereby reducing the cost of assessment, inciting greater interest among the beneficiaries, and giving to the societies more of the mutual benefit character. It is not unreasonable, therefore, that the proposed proceedings in St. Louis should be watched by a great army of provident men in every section of the country.

THERE is much rejoicing over the length and breadth of the little kingdom of Belgium at the news that a Belgian trading station, the first, has been established by the intrepid Henry M. Stanley in Congo, near Yallala. This place being claimed by both England and Portugal, Belgium's pretensions may lead to what diplomats are pleased to term "complications."

THE St. Gothard tunnel will soon be an accomplished fact. A few days ago there only remained about 404 metres of rock to be cut through; and as the average daily progress has latterly been 4 metres 70 centimetres, a pretty accurate calculation can now be made when communication, in the heart of the mountain, can be opened between Goeschenen and Airolo.

DESPITE the terrible distress in the Green Isle, there are many of the landlords who are looking to their "tops and leathers" in order to enjoy a "run" with the Empress of Austria during her month's sojourn at Her Imperial Majesty's hunting seat in Royal Meath. Those who "know you know" say that the Emperor is furious with his handsome and hard-riding wife—that measures to compel the willful lady to do her fox-hunting within the compass of her own realms are in active preparation. It does seem so strange that Her Majesty should thus annually expatriate herself, despite the remonstrances of her husband and the flouts of her subjects, for the purpose of what?

THE Princess Louise, who is now speeding across the high seas to the expectant Laird of Lorne, on the occasion of her departure from Liverpool on Friday last, came nearer to seeing the very last of her royal brothers, the Prince of Wales and the Duke of Edinburgh, than she anticipated. As the dispatch-boat *Lively*, with the heir-apparent and Prince Alfred on board, was returning from the steamer *Sarmatian*, the *Lively* collided with the British ship *Arnot Lyle*, piercing the side of the *Lyle*. Luckily for the house of Guelf, the *Lively* was constructed of sterner stuff than the *Lyle*. The yachts of the royal family have an unhappy knack of running down other craft. The man at the wheel must evidently be of opinion that there is a royal road on sea as well as on land.

THE new Army Bill, which will fix the footing of the German army for a term of seven years, will be submitted to the Reichstadt next session. This Bill, which proposes so largely to increase the war strength in piping times of peace, is considerably exercising the war departments of European Governments. If the German army is to be increased, why not the French, the Austrian, the Russian, the Italian and the English? Young blood in command is the order of the day in Germany, and the old generals are to make way for younger but—query?—better men. General Sherman, in an interview with the artistic correspondent of this journal, could not see why England had only one general—to wit, Sir Garnet Wolseley. The hero of the "March to the Sea" had no fault to find with Germany on this score.

OF the 5,000,000 acres under vines in France, 1,000,000 have been totally destroyed, and 500,000 more have been attacked. This means that France produces an average of about 1,300,000,000 gallons of wine, the value of which is estimated at \$400,000,000. The only vines impervious to the attacks of the phylloxera are our own; this immunity is, as is alleged, owing to the toughness of their skins. It may therefore happen that America will not only supply the world with food, but with wine also. *Appropos* of wine during the last ten months, the consumption in gallons in the British Islands has been as follows: Sherry, 3,319,000; port, 2,392,000; claret, 3,463,000; champagne, 1,171,000; Spanish red wine, 852,000; other kinds, 1,193,000 gallons. The port wine drinkers have not entirely disappeared off the face of the earth.

Who would be a Pontentate! It is the Sultan now who is in abject dread of assassination. The Pashas around him, aware of this, persuade him that, if he introduces reforms either political, social, or religious, he will offend the fanatical portion of his subjects and provoke retaliation. The Pashas themselves care no more for the Koran than they do for the works of Confucius, but they cleverly confound together a pretended regard for Mahomet and a very real regard for their own pockets. Queen Victoria is guarded by a *posse* of detectives armed to the teeth, and the ruler of the Empress of India, Lord Beaconsfield, has lately been so repeatedly worried by threatening letters that he has felt it his duty to place them in the hands of the Chief Constable of his county, who has deemed it advisable to place almost a cordon of police round Hughenden.

THERE is no longer the redeeming influence of novelty in misplaced switches, in fact the repetition becomes monotonous, and unless a director gets killed, and half a dozen prominent officials sent to Sing Sing, the burden of the old song will continue to be droned. In the case of the recent accident on the L. railroad, an engine jumped the track, despite the wooden guard rails so stoutly vaunted by the officials, falling into the street below. Had the accident occurred at any of those hours when the trains are crowded, the loss of

life would have been awful. Who is in fault on this occasion? A misplaced switch! Who misplaced it? Possibly an overworked, weary pointman. If the accident is due to the negligences of the company in not providing sufficient and intelligent supervision, then the company may perhaps find to their cost that it would be more economical to man the switches.

SPAIN managed to retain Cuba at a vast outlay of life and means; but the island does not prove to be a possession without burdens. She is endeavoring to negotiate a special loan for Cuba, inasmuch as the Minister of the Colonies at the last Cabinet Council of the Spanish Premier informed his colleagues that the deficit of the Colonial Treasury had increased from \$5,000,000 to \$9,000,000, owing to the war expenses. The new loan cannot be based on the customs revenue, as that is already pledged for fourteen years, and the levying of new taxes in any shape or form seems impossible.

THE Royal Academy has been at length, under certain restrictions, opened to the gentler sex, thanks to the genius of Elizabeth Thompson. That many "old women" exist among the Academicians goes without saying, but this step in the right direction will cause a throb of exultation in many an aspiring bosom. It is rather hard upon the female embryo R. A.'s to be excluded from the annual banquet, and the deprivation of the right to vote at elections will form the subject of a very substantial grievance. However, *ce n'est que le premier pas qui coûte*, and once the ladies obtain official footing the dinner and vote will follow as a matter of course.

ON Friday, January 23d, there was no session of the United States Senate. In the House the following public business was transacted: Mr. Horr, of Michigan, pronounced this epitaph upon Mr. Cox, of New York:

"Beneath this slab lies the great Sam Cox, Who was wise as an owl and brave as an ox; Think it not strange his turning to dust, For he swelled and he swelled till he finally 'bust.' Just where he has gone, or just how he fares, Nobody knows and nobody cares; But wherever he is, be he angel or elf, Be sure, dear reader, he's puffing himself."

Which was called forth by an epitaph of Mr. Cox on Mr. Horr:

"Here lies the body of Congressman Horr, 'Tis Greece, but living grease no more. *Requiescat.*"

Then the curtain was rung down.

GLAD tidings of great joy for Mr. Bergh. Lady Burdett-Coutts has just ordered a medal for kindness to animals, to be awarded by the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty. A group of creatures, horse, cow, donkey, goat, pig, monkey, dog and cat, is to appear on one side, and a figure of the Queen on the other. Her Most Gracious Majesty is certainly the patroness of the Society; but glimpses are given in her own journal of a state of feeling which can scarcely be considered maudlinly sentimental, to say the least. She sympathized much with her husband in the chase of the stag, but never, by any chance, with the stag himself, even when he got away wounded. And few people now remember the genuine stir of public feeling which put a speedy stop to the Prince Consort's introduction of the German *battue*—a horrible spectacle of slaughter—the deer were driven into a narrow inclosure, and the Prince sat and shot them, the Queen smiling by. But the English, who are not always very particular, would not stand that, and said so.

THERE is but little doubt that Home Rule is a question that is rapidly drifting within the scope of practical politics. An agrarian agitation which the Government is wholly impotent to stem, an impending famine which the Government is making no adequate preparation to deal with, are not by any means ill calculated to bring about this result. It is very far from improbable that before the Winter is over we shall find coroners' juries, summoned to ascertain the cause of death of people who have died of hunger, returning verdicts of "Willful murder against Lord Beaconsfield." It is, moreover, unfortunately almost certain that before the Winter is over many a man who now "owns land" in Ireland will have come, by means of a violent death, to own no more of it than some six feet by three. Ireland asks to be allowed to manage her own affairs; first, on the ground that she understands her own affairs better than England does. This may or may not be true, but it is not altogether improbable, for English politicians of both parties have been driven once and again to confess that they can "make neither head nor tail" of Irish affairs. The rumor gains ground that Parliament will be dissolved before Easter. If yea, at the present crisis in Ireland, Home Rule must get a fair and impartial hearing.

NO, THE English Government will not expend a shilling in public or any other works to relieve the starving Irish if they can possibly help it. "Jimmy" Lowther, the unpopular Chief Secretary for Ireland, was waited upon by 4,000 unemployed laborers of Dublin at "the Castle" upon Thursday last. These needy and desperate men spoke for the thousands dependent upon their exertions, begging, not for alms, but for work. The well-paid official expressed an icy word sympathy, but could not see in what manner the Government could give employment. The Corporation of Cork have undertaken to bell the cat by asking for a loan of \$500,000 for carrying out a scheme of sewage and paving. If the Government refuse to lend the money, Cork will know the reason why! A deputation of the Dublin Mansion House Committee has been appointed to wait on the Lord Lieutenant,

with a view to urging the Government to forthwith provide seed of various kinds for the distressed and driven farmers. The Duke of Marlborough will sympathize with the deputation, inform them that he will communicate with the Cabinet sitting in London, and—bow them out. The Duchess means well, but, as Mr. Parnell has said money passing through Dublin Castle cannot lose its political stamp.

FEDERAL legislators appear to regard our time-honored and much-quoted Constitution as being in a decidedly bad way. So, during the present session, they have formulated the following prescriptions, which, in the course of time, they will endeavor to have applied. In the form of joint resolutions proposed amendments are now on the calendar of both Houses, providing—*first*, that general appropriation Bills shall contain nothing but appropriations; *second*, that the President shall have power to disapprove of any separate item of a Bill without thereby defeating the whole Bill; *third*, that the official terms of President and Vice-President be extended to six years, making such officers ineligible for more than one term consecutively, and limiting the terms of Members of Congress to three years; *fourth*, that polygamy be prohibited in the United States and in all places subject to the Federal jurisdiction; *fifth*, that power be given to Congress to grant exclusive right to adopt and use trade-marks; *sixth*, that the right of suffrage in the United States shall be based on citizenship, and the right of citizens of the United States to vote shall not be denied or abridged by the United States, or by any State, on account of sex, or for any reason not equally applicable to all citizens of the United States; and, *seventh*, that the election of President and Vice-President be hereafter by a majority of the votes of the people, and that the Electoral College be abolished. It would be bad, indeed, if these innovations were necessary. If Members of Congress would cease special legislation, and keep partisan or sectional "riders" off the appropriation Bills, and if the officers charged with executing the laws as they find them would do so promptly and impartially, we could get along very well without any further additions to the Constitution.

XLVTH CONGRESS—II^D SESSION.

MONDAY, January 19th.—SENATE—A resolution was introduced requesting the President to invite foreign maritime powers to co-operate with the United States in the establishment of an inter-oceanic canal, and the maintenance of its neutrality. A Constitutional amendment was proposed providing that the right of suffrage in the United States shall be based on citizenship, and the right of citizens of the United States to vote shall not be denied or abridged by the United States, or by any State, on account of sex, or for any reason not equally applicable to all citizens of the United States. Discussion was had on the Bill to prevent cruelty to animals in transportation. HOUSE—A Constitutional amendment was proposed providing for the election of President and Vice-President by a majority of the votes of the people, and for the abolition of the Electoral College. The use of the hall of the House was granted for an address by Mr. Parnell.

TUESDAY, January 20th.—SENATE—The House Bill to admit free of duty articles for exhibition at the forthcoming Miller's Convention at Cincinnati was taken up and passed. Two more recusant witnesses were discharged. In order to meet the requirements of the many amendments to the Bill for the prevention of cruelty to animals, it was recommitted in order that a new Bill may be reported. HOUSE—The proposed Constitutional amendment presented to the Senate yesterday, in regard to the abridgment of citizenship, was introduced to-day. A Bill to appropriate \$500,000 to be expended under the direction of the President and Secretary of State for the relief of the famine-stricken Irish was presented. The Bill requiring the National Banks to retain one-half their reserve in coin was taken up and discussed at length.

WEDNESDAY, January 21st.—SENATE—The joint resolution for the withdrawal of the legal-tender power of United States notes was taken up and debated warmly to the hour of adjournment. HOUSE—Majority and minority reports were submitted by the Committee on Military Affairs on the Bill for the relief of General Fitz-John Porter. The Committee on Appropriations reported a Bill for the payment of fees of marshals and deputy-marshals for the year ending June 30th, 1890, which was ordered printed and recommitted. The consideration of the Bill relative to National Bank reserves was resumed, but the Bill went over without having reached a vote.

THURSDAY, January 22d.—SENATE—Bills were introduced to protect the navigability of navigable rivers and to provide for the further distribution of the Geneva Award, and resolutions asking for information as to whether any Indian Commissioner had been interested in an Indian contract, and also in regard to grants of land made to railroad companies but liable to forfeiture for non-fulfillment of agreement. Further discussion was had on the joint resolution on United States notes, after which the Senate adjourned to January 26th. HOUSE—The Bank Reserve Bill was promptly taken up, and after debate the amendments proposed by the committee providing that the coin reserves of National Banks shall be kept in their own vaults was rejected by a vote of 83 to 79. A vote was then taken on ordering the engrossing and third reading of the Bill, which showed 78 yeas and 158 nays, consequently the order was not made and the Bill was killed. In Committee of the Whole the House resumed consideration of proposed revision of the rules.

FRIDAY, January 23d.—HOUSE—No public business was transacted.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

Domestic.

ARTHUR P. GORMAN has been elected United States Senator in Maryland, General Gibson in Louisiana, and Judge George in Mississippi.

ON January 20th 50,000 shares of Central Pacific Railroad stock were sold to a New York Syndicate, with an option for 50,000 more within six months.

THE jury in the Hayden trial at New Haven failed to agree upon a verdict, standing eleven to one for acquittal, and were discharged on January 19th.

AN Adventist preacher at New Hampton, Iowa, is believed by the people of that town to have repeated the Pocusset (Mam.) horror and sacrificed his son.

THE House Banking and Currency Committee has refused to postpone the consideration of questions relating to the legal-tender quality of the greenback until next December.

THE United States Courts have decided that the Pennsylvania Railroad Company is not liable for damage done to merchandise held by that corporation during the Pittsburgh riots in 1878.

GOVERNOR BLACKBURN of Kentucky, who is a physician by profession, has pardoned eighty-seven convicts in the State Prison on account of its unhealthy and overcrowded condition.

PRESIDENT HAYES, on January 9th, sent to the Senate the nominations of James Russell Lowell to be Minister to England; John W. Foster, Minister to Spain, and Philip H. Morgan, Minister to Mexico.

THE Indian Appropriation Bill, as agreed upon by the sub-committee, appropriates \$4,692,000, which is \$300,000 less than the estimates of the department, and \$20,000 less than the appropriation of last year.

THE State Department has received documents signed for the Venezuelan Government by its Minister in Paris, which substantially make over that republic to the General Transatlantic Company of Paris, of which M. Pereira is the President.

IN Maine the Republican Legislature has declared that the State Government is fully established. The party has control of the capital, and the Governor of its choice has been recognized by General Chamberlain. It is reported that the Fusionists will propose new questions to the Supreme Court.

ON January 23d the Republican Governor of Maine ordered the Capitol to be garrisoned by military, evidently fearing an attack by the Fusionists before morning. The committee appointed to suggest a future course of action presented to the Fusionist Legislature at Union Hall a full statement of their case, accompanied by five questions for the Supreme Court touching the legality of the Fusion Legislature.

Foreign.

A VAST amount of property has been destroyed and 100 lives lost by a fire at Tokio, Japan.

THE Spanish Chamber of Deputies has approved the Bill for the abolition of slavery in Cuba.

THE Cuban delegates in the Spanish Congress will demand tariff reforms and an extension of the privileges of the coasting trade.

THE Cauca Valley in New Granada has been visited by floods, causing loss of life and damage to property amounting to about \$1,000,000.

A RUMOR has gained currency that it is the intention of the Japanese Government to discriminate against the United States in the tariff laws.

M. DESPREZ, the present head of the Political Department of the French Ministry of Foreign Affairs, has been appointed Ambassador to the Vatican.

MINISTER LAYARD has telegraphed to Lord Salisbury that help is urgently needed in Mosul, where the people have been obliged to sell their children to procure food.

THE French Chamber of Deputies has voted urgency for the motion of M. Blanc in favor of granting full amnesty to all persons condemned for acts committed under the Commune.

A TELEGRAM to the Berlin official *Gazette* says the conflict in the Samoan Islands is ended. The Prussian Minister of Finance asserts that the German interest in Samoa must be supported by German energy and resources.

THE bodies of upwards of fifty of the victims of the explosion in the Lyceum Colliery at Newcastle-under-Lyme, on January 21st, have been recovered. Of twelve persons who were got out of the mine alive five have died.

TWO SHOCKS of an earthquake were felt in Havana for the first time on the night and morning of January 22d and 23d. No damage was done in the city, but a number of buildings fell at San Cristobel, twelve miles away.

IN consequence of the frequent discovery of excavations and of fissures in a number of houses, it is believed that the City of Odessa, Russia, is undermined and threatened with serious danger. A commission has therefore been formed to conduct investigations underneath the town.

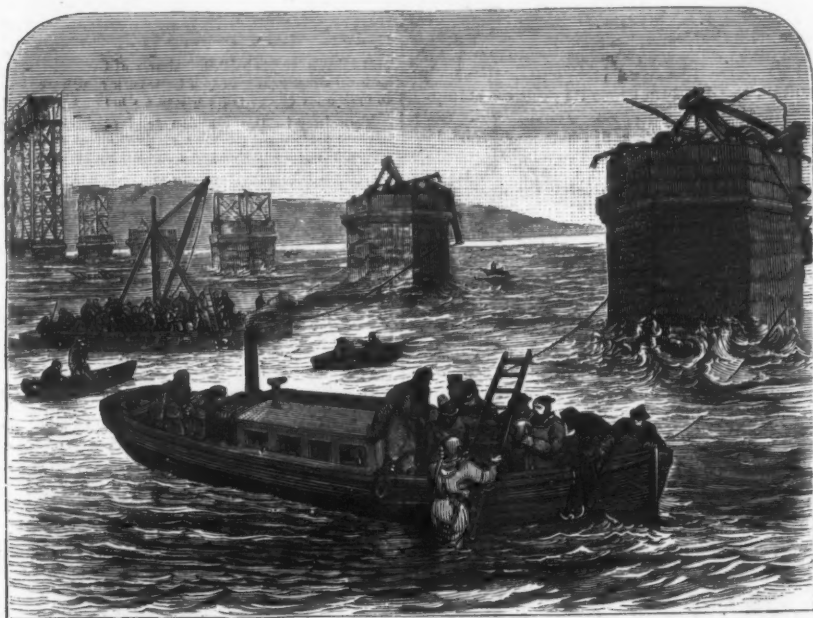
THE Mexican Government has ordered the celebrated Castle of Chapultepec to be refitted for the reception of General Grant and party. The castle is about two miles from the city, overlooking the entire Mexican Valley and the City of Mexico. A house is also being prepared in the city to enable the party to alternate between the town and country.

THE new Prussian *Cross Gazette* denounces as a pure fabrication the statement of L'Europe, of Brussels, of the 19th instant, that Russia had addressed notes to the Governments at Vienna and Berlin expressing a willingness to withdraw her troops now concentrated upon the western frontier if the presence of these troops is a source of uneasiness to the cabinets of Austria and Germany.

DON NICOLAS DE PIÉROLA, having assumed the supreme command of the Republic of Peru, under the title of Supreme Chief, proceeded to organize his Cabinet, composed of the following gentlemen: Secretary of the Treasury, Don Manuel A. Barinaga; Secretary of War, Colonel Miguel Iglesias; Secretary of the Navy, Captain Manuel Villar; Secretary of Foreign Affairs and Public Worship, Don Pedro José Calderón; Secretary of the Interior, Don Nemesio Orbegozo; Secretary of Justice, Dr. Federico Panizo; Secretary of Public Works, Don Mariano Echegaray.

JANUARY 23d being the Saint-day of the King of Spain, a grand official reception was held at the Palace at Havana, attended by members of the municipality and the superior military and naval officers in full uniform, and the foreign Consuls. General Calleja, Vice-Governor-General, held the reception, as usual, in the Throne-room, Generals Grant and Sheridan and Colonel Fred Grant assisting by the side of General Calleja. The ladies of the visiting party witnessed the reception from an adjoining saloon, no ladies being permitted to attend such official receptions.

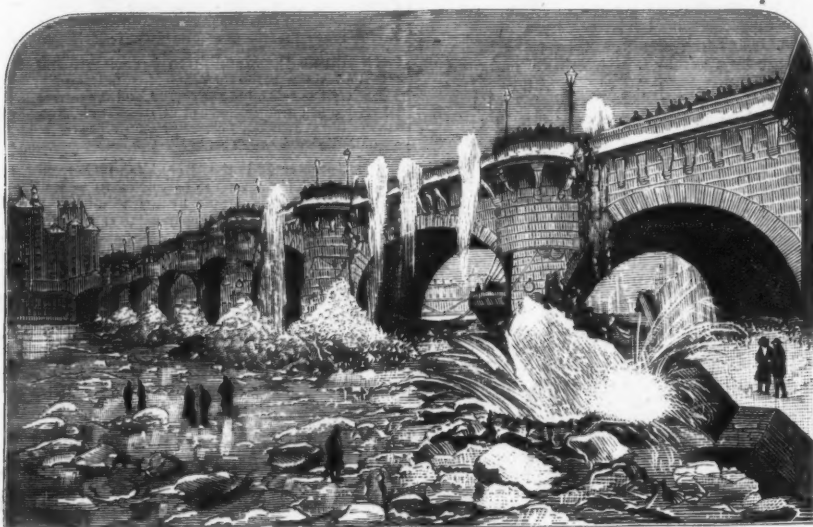
The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated Foreign Press.—SEE PAGE 427.



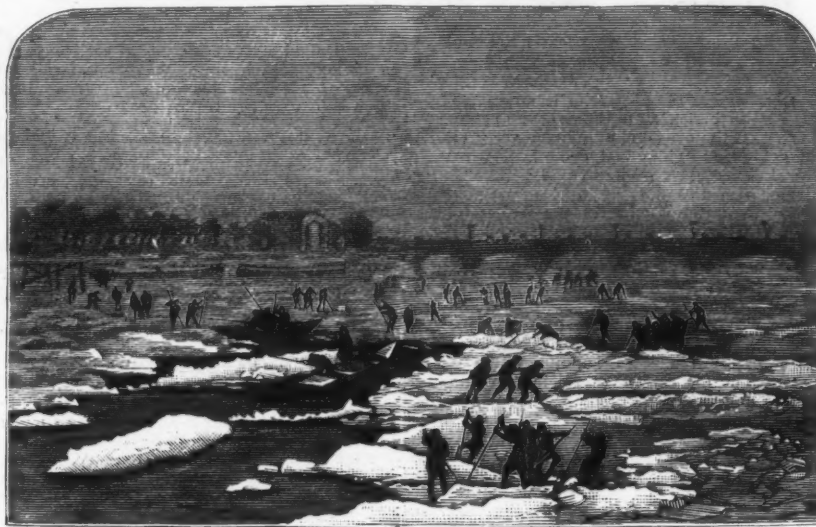
SCOTLAND.—DIVING OPERATIONS AFTER THE TAY BRIDGE DISASTER.



SCOTLAND.—GATHERING PIECES OF THE WRECK AT BROUGHTY FERRY.



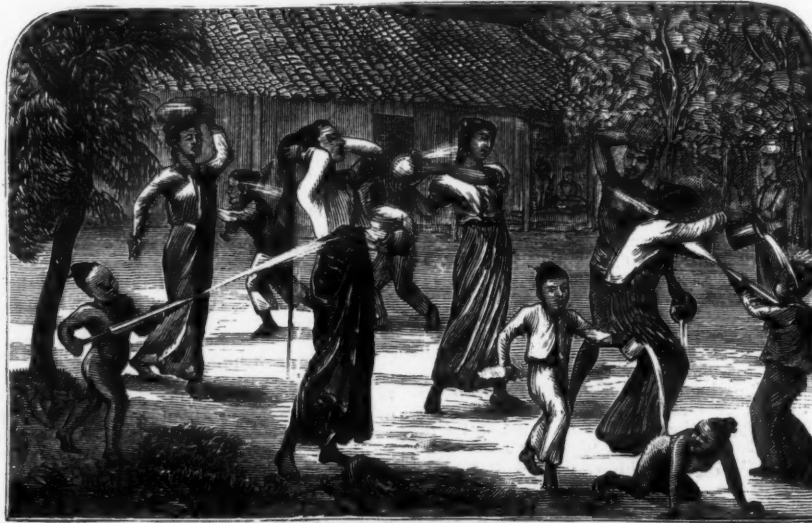
FRANCE.—VIEW OF THE SEINE AT THE PONT NEUF, PARIS.



FRANCE.—BREAKING UP THE ICE AT THE PONT DES INVALIDES.



AFRICA.—THE EX-ZULU KING AT THE CASTLE, CAPE TOWN.



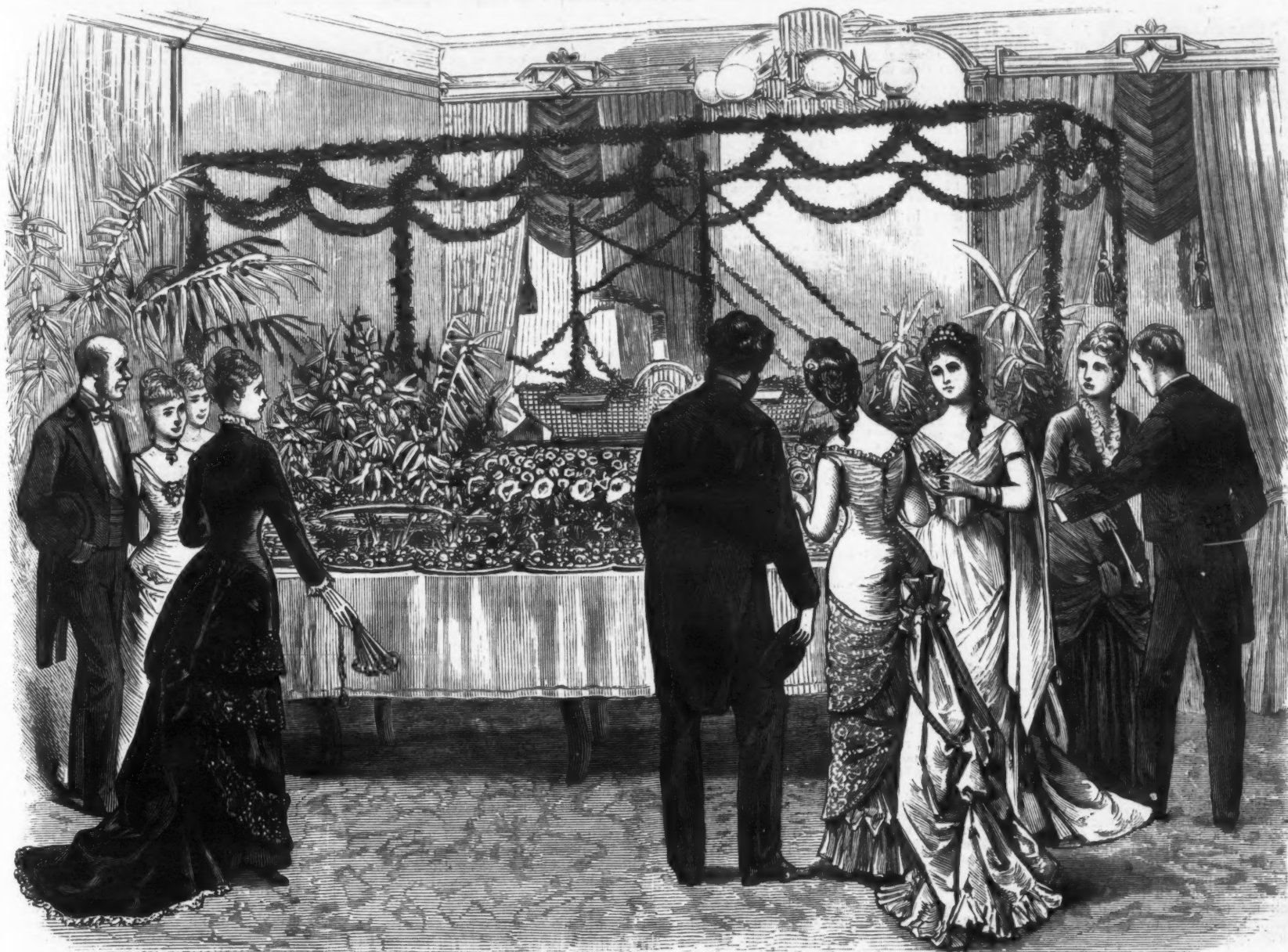
INDIA.—THE WATER FESTIVAL ON NEW YEAR'S DAY IN BURMAH.



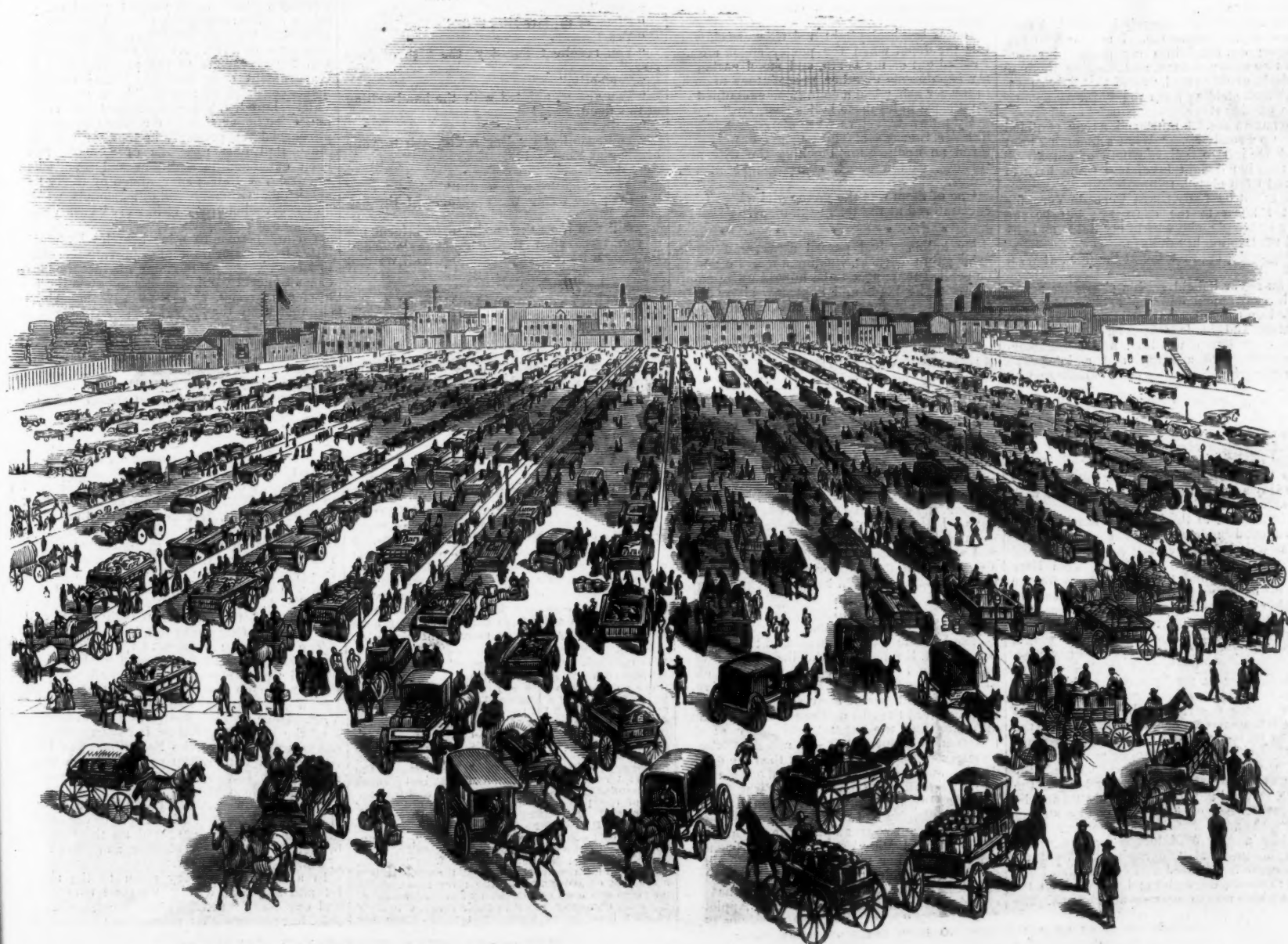
ITALY.—DISTRIBUTING MARRIAGE PORTIONS TO POOR GIRLS AT ROME.



SPAIN.—LAST ATTEMPT TO ASSASSINATE KING ALFONSO.



NEW YORK CITY.—ANNUAL FLOWER PARTY FOR THE BENEFIT OF THE NORTHEASTERN HOMEOPATHIC DISPENSARY—FLORA, AT HER TEMPLE, PRESENTING BOUQUETS.—SEE PAGE 428.



NEW YORK CITY.—THE MARKETMEN'S EXCITEMENT—VIEW OF THE NEW MARKET STAND FOR FARMERS ON TENTH AVENUE.—SEE PAGE 422.

A VERY REMARKABLE
DISPATCH.

It was a grilling day in the July of 1876, as I sauntered into the office of the Western Union Telegraph Company, on Broadway, for the purpose of sending a dispatch to my friend, George Moyers, the artist, who implored of me to join him *instantly* at West Point, where he had pitched his tent for the purpose of doing a picture or two of the scenes enacted in that romantic locality during the glorious war of Independence.

I am a lawyer, and in '76 was a "rising junior." I had been flogging cruelly, sparing myself no amount of labor, and when on that July day my longed-for vacation was at hand, I felt like a school-boy about to get away for the real genuine holidays.

As I approached the grating and awaited my turn to pop in the message, I became interested in a young lady, richly but plainly attired, whose *svelte* figure was simply perfection, and whose golden hair was wound round the back of her graceful head in massive and luxurious plaits. Of course any man of a certain age obeys the impulse which bids him gaze on a fair face or a faultless form—it is but Nature's tribute to the beautiful—and in mere obedience to this mysterious law, I strained eagerly forward to obtain a glimpse of her features, but without success.

"When will this message be forwarded?" she asked, in a low and musical voice.

The clerk muttered something that I could not hear.

"Oh, I hope it will go at once. How much am I to pay?"

The phlegmatic employé proceeded to count the words, and announced that the message would cost two dollars.

The young lady put her hand to her pocket, started, colored violently, became deadly pale, and palpitated:

"I have left my purse at home. What am I to do?"

The clerk bit his pencil and said nothing. "I live out of town, and the message would be too late," and in her perplexity she turned and faced me.

She was very charming. Lustrous violet-blue eyes, and long, sweeping lashes—eyes sad yet joyous, bright yet tender. A delicately formed nose, slightly *retroussé*, which imparted a piquancy to the face such as one only sees in Greuze's ravishing portraits. Luscious lips and pearly teeth. Her golden hair came low upon her forehead, and she wore a hat surmounted by a rich dark-blue feather that almost swung across her shoulders.

My voice was scarcely audible as I said: "I beg your pardon. I inadvertently heard your conversation with the clerk. Will you permit me to relieve you from any embarrassment by allowing me to pay for the dispatch?"

She started as I spoke, and, bestowing upon me a haughty glance that almost amounted to defiance, exclaimed:

"We are strangers, sir, and I cannot accept your offer, however courteously meant," and she turned from me.

I felt nettled and strangely irritated. A keen sense of injury smote me. I resolved to act. Plunging my hand into my pocket, I seized upon two silver dollars, and, flinging them to the clerk, gruffly cried, "Send that lady's message," and, striding from the building, sprang into a passing stage.

"What an ass," I muttered, as we rumbled along up Broadway. "What a blooming idiot to indulge in two dollars worth of chivalry." And then her defiant loveliness came back to me, and I felt elated, triumphant.

She might be Lady Clara Vere de Vere for aught I knew to the contrary; but be she gentle or simple, she was in my debt, and she owed me two mighty dollars.

George Moyers met me at the dock at West Point.

"You never beheld such a charming ranch as I have dropped on!" he exclaimed, as we strolled up the hill. "It's all honeysuckle and sunshine, and birds whistling, and a rustic porch over every window, and a Summer-house instead of a stoop, and a landscape in every corner, and such lager, ah!" And he joyously kissed the tips of his fingers as he waved them in the direction of our temporary homestead.

Our ranch was all that George had painted it, commanding a view of the lordly Hudson, with its glorious and varied scenery. As we sat on the stoop lazily smoking our cigars, I related my adventure with the "Fair One with the Golden Locks."

"Why, I used to think you a hard-headed, shrewd, solid business man," laughed George. "but now I shall never see a two dollar bill that I will not think of my friend Tom Kendrick loafing around telegraph-offices for the purpose of paying for the dispatches of damsels who have forgotten their purses."

Our life at West Point was an enchanting monotony—a plunge in the river at seven, breakfast at nine, no letters to read or write—thank heaven—a prolonged smoke. George sketched, I read a trashy novel, with the full knowledge that it was rubbish of the most uncompromising description, but exulted in its flimsy fiction nevertheless; and then to the dock to meet the steamer—this act, together with that of attending evening parade at the Point, we regarded in common with all the guests at Cozzens's Hotel, and indeed of the village, in the light of a serious duty; and be the weather fair or foul, wet or dry, stormy or calm, the arrival of the boat found us on the dock, like a pair of detectives, awaiting the landing of some party telegraphed as "wanted."

Six weeks had glided away as though I had been in dreamland, and the hour was not far distant which was to summon me to work. The shadow of New York was upon me.

One exquisite afternoon found us, as usual, on the lookout for the boat en route to Albany.

Tourists from all climes under the sun were passing backwards and forwards, and George's excuse for gazing at the pretty girls was on the plea of "studying character."

"I never saw such a colorless lot," growled my companion, as the boat commenced to glide from the dock. "As ugly as—ah, that's something over there in deep mourning—the girl with the hay-colored hair."

My heart leaped. It was the young lady whom I had encountered at the telegraph-office.

My eyes caught hers and she flushed.

The boat was passing along the dock. She spoke rapidly to her companion, a tall, aristocratic-looking young man, towards whom, in that single instant, I conceived a deadly aversion. This man instantly quitted her side and rushing to the stern of the boat shouted:

"Your name and address; I want to get out of your debt"—his tone as though he were addressing a lackey.

"You are not in my debt," I defiantly retorted.

The boat had almost passed from the dock. He sprang upon a seat, and rapidly wrapping a silver dollar in a greenback, I know not of what value, cried, as he flung it:

"Catch! Debt with interest and thanks."

The boat had passed away from the dock. I was not the "boss" baseball-player in the Manhattan Club without being able to make a fair catch. I caught his missile as it came flying through the air. With all my strength I sent it spinning back to him. It struck him, and a savage thrill of pleasure ran through me as I saw him apply a handkerchief to his face.

The steamboat had passed away, and my heart's longings were with that fair girl who was being borne from me, whither I could not tell.

What was this haughty beauty to me? What link between us. None, save an act for which a newly-breeched schoolboy would flout me. Her husband, too. Strange to say, I never admitted the possibility of her being united to that man—whenever the thought came to the surface, I did not give it breathing time, but sent it down to the unfathomable depths of undefined idea.

"A letter for you, sir," exclaimed our landlady, the morning but one after my *rencontre*, handing me a square mourning envelope, with a monogram in scarlet and gold. The superscription was in an unknown female hand. I hesitated before opening it. It must be from her. I studied the monogram but it was as undecipherable as the hieroglyphics on the night-gown of the last of the Ptolemies. At last I tore open the envelope. The letter ran thus: "Miss Jones begs to thank Mr. Kendrick"—it was from her—"for his great kindness in saving her pug from drowning in the Hudson on last Thursday, and—"

Upon my arrival in New York I found a letter which compelled me to take the night train to Boston. I ordered my berth to be made up without entering the sleeping compartment, and smoked a cigar before turning in.

It was bright daylight, and we were slowing into the depot when the porter shook me up. I rolled out of my berth, and stood gathering my *impedimenta* together preparatory to going in for a wash, when a conductor exclaimed:

"Please to let these ladies pass, sir."

My fellow-travelers were standing, anxious, like Mr. Sterne's starling, to get out. I muttered an apology for blocking the way, and, turning, cast a short, sharp glance at two ladies.

One of them was the young girl whom I had encountered at the telegraph-office.

My holidays had passed away, and work, grim, gaunt, earnest, was upon me. Letters to be replied to, papers to be hunted up, appointments to be made and kept, law-books to be consulted, opinions to be given, and every pigeon-hole in my waking existence crammed to the uttermost limits of its endurance. Bitterly I reviled the ill-fortune that closed my lids in the cars; bitterly the ill-luck that forced me into a corner beneath the bony knuckles of time; bitterly the mocking destiny that dashed the cup from my lips when thrice the brimming nectar was within reach of them. My work was heavy, and demanded a ceaseless vigilance. My work stood between me and her image, thrusting it aside with an iron and unswerving hand.

It was a murky, drizzling morning in December, upon the eve of the Christmas holidays. I had not the pleasing gratification of even seeing my bed upon the preceding night, as I was compelled to read up a case involving a series of the most important issues, and my night's rest went down before the interests of my clients.

It was a disputed will case, and I had been retained for the defendants.

Miss Isabelle Van Zandt died on the preceding August, bequeathing the bulk of her vast property to her nephew and niece, the children of a deceased sister, and a comparatively small residue to a sole surviving brother, who now disputed the will on the grounds of undue influence and the mental incapacity of the testatrix. On our side it was alleged that the testatrix was of sound mind at the time of the demise, and that the bequests were the result of natural affection, and that she was further influenced by the fact that the plaintiff was extremely wealthy and unmarried.

There were two weak places in our armory. The first, that Miss Van Zandt had been estranged from her nephew up to within a few days of her death; the second, that Miss Lindsay was generally considered somewhat eccentric. Her nephew, Mr. Edward Appleton, had married "a penniless lass wi' a lang pedigree" contrary to the expressed wishes of his aunt; and it was solely owing to the influence

of his sister Mabel that he was, at the eleventh hour, restored to the sunshine of the good graces of his offended relative.

It was late when I arrived at court, and, in addition to my brief, I was incumbered with a ghastly headache, which, at every throb, led me to imagine that my skull was in imminent danger of exploding as though through the agency of nitro-glycerine.

The plaintiff had a cloud of witnesses in attendance, and the case, from the magnitude of the property at stake, excited very considerable interest.

The plaintiff's case was ably, eloquently and argumentatively stated by his counsel, and about twenty persons who had been on terms of alleged intimacy with the deceased were examined as to her eccentricities, and also with regard to her visibly decaying mental powers, antecedent to her demise.

My "leader" cross-examined such of those witnesses as he deemed shaky, and, by dint of a series of artful and elaborate queries, totally irrelevant to the question at issue, succeeded in driving a number of these witnesses into a state of mental irritation bordering upon frenzy, and the remainder into a condition of hapless and irrevocable bewilderment.

When he had duly impressed the jury with the conviction that the individuals who had appeared before them were each and all possessed of a natural taste for perjury, he proceeded to state the case for the defense, and in a brief but incisive statement painted the conduct of the plaintiff in such hideous colors as to justify the refusal of the tears of a solitary angel to wipe the record out.

If our case was indented with weak points, it likewise bristled with strong ones, and one upon which we placed an unlimited confidence was the fact of the deceased lady's having telegraphed to her nephew, a few days prior to her death, to come and receive her unqualified forgiveness. The substance of the dispatch was written by herself, copied by her niece, and transmitted by the latter to Mr. Edward Appleton, who acted upon it *instantly*.

The existence of this dispatch was questioned. By a piece of extraordinary good luck the original, in the handwriting of Miss Van Zandt, had been procured, and, with a cool, self-satisfied demeanor, my "leader" rose and said:

"We propose to place Miss Appleton on the stand now;" and, turning to me, half-whispered, "You take her up, Kendrick; I'll hold myself in reserve."

Up to this particular moment I had preserved a masterly inactivity; my head was splitting, and my ideas were deranged by the tortures of physical anguish. I would willingly have given a hundred, two hundred, yea, five hundred dollars for a respite, but the chance was too good to throw away; I could not afford to lose the opportunity, so, by a vigorous effort, I drew myself together and, glancing rapidly at the marginal notes scrawled on my brief, I turned towards the stand, and, blinded with pain, drawled:

"You are Miss Mabel Appleton?"

"I am."

"Niece of the late Miss Isabelle Van Zandt?"

"Yes."

"You recollect Tuesday, the 27th of July last?"

"Perfectly."

"You are acquainted with the handwriting of this document?"

"Intimately."

"You recollect sending a dispatch to your brother at Montreal?"

"I do."

"At the request of your aunt?"

"Yes; she wrote the substance of the dispatch."

"Will you have the goodness to inform me if you have seen this document before?"

Handing a half-sheet of note-paper all written over.

She raised her veil.

The court swung around me; Mabel Appleton held the original draft of the dispatch for which I had paid the two dollars.

That "bit o' writin'" is now framed and glazed, and suspended in a gold frame in my wife's boudoir, and many a time do we refer to that memorable 27th of July, when I paid two dollars for a dispatch that was destined to do so much for her, and so much for me.

THE NEW MARKET-STAND.

THE opening by the city of a new market-stand has led to an organization of the marketmen of Washington and West Washington Markets, for the purpose of preventing any up-town movement of the markets or their auxiliary stands, and meetings are being held almost daily by interested parties to further the object. Strong complaints are made of the action of the city authorities in driving the marketmen away from the locality they have occupied for fifty years or more. The resolution ordering the wagons to the Gansvoort Market was, it is claimed, passed at the solicitation of storekeepers in the vicinity of Washington Market. But these storekeepers now say they realize that they have driven away a large and remunerative trade, and they want to get it back again. There is also a doubt as to the legality of the ordinance establishing the Gansvoort Market, as an ordinance was passed July 7th, 1879, designating certain portions of Hudson Street as a market-stand, and this ordinance has not been rescinded. It is stated that the Superintendent of Washington Market had refused to recognize the resolution as in force, and the captain of the police precinct said he would, acting under orders, drive away any farmer who attempted to stand in Hudson Street.

While this controversy is progressing, the unpopularity of the new stand increases daily. It is bounded by Tenth Avenue, Little West Twelfth, Washington, Gansvoort and West Streets. It is a large plot of ground, near the river front, which for years was used as a depot by the Hudson River Railroad Company, prior to their removal to their present location in Thirtieth Street. Then the Bloeker Street Railroad Company became the tenants of the old Fort Gansvoort property, as it was called, and for ten years it was cumbered with old

sheds and unsightly buildings. The plot, which contains about thirty acres, has been cleared of its buildings, the ground has been graded and laid out into paved avenues, wide enough to allow the bulky farmers' wagons to stand along the sides, and to admit of driveways through the centre so broad that an extraordinary pressure of business will be necessary to block them. Superintendent of Markets J. M. Varian has issued a circular notifying all farmers that this will be the only spot in the city where they will be permitted to locate while engaged in the sale of their produce.

TALKS ON TIMELY TOPICS.

ILLUSTRATED INTERVIEWS WITH
EMINENT PUBLIC MEN.

—No. 15.—

A Day with the Marquis of Lorne
at Rideau Hall, Ottawa.TOBOGGGING WITH THE GOVERNOR-
GENERAL.Seven Hundred Yards in Twenty
Minutes.THE BOUDOIR OF HER ROYAL HIGHNESS
THE PRINCESS LOUISE.

I LEFT the Grand Central Depot, New York, at 8:30 P. M., struck Utica at 5 A. M., changed cars, reached Ogdensburg at noon, crossed the St. Lawrence at one, arrived at Prescott at 1:15, where I was encountered by rosy custom-house officials wrapped in fur from head to heel, boarded the cars, and at 4:20 beheld the twelfth-century Gothic State Buildings of the Dominion's capital looming up through a snow fog, strongly and strangely reminding me, in miniature, of England's Parliament Houses by the River Thames. My first duty was to announce my arrival in Ottawa, and, after the harmless necessary wash, I chartered a blooming sleigh, all scarlet and gold and bearskin, and spun cheerily along the two miles of snow-sheeted road that lay between mine hostelry and Rideau Hall, the official residence of John Douglas Sutherland Campbell, Marquis of Lorne, Lord Lieutenant-General and General-Governor of the Dominion of Canada.

The viceregal domicile is not by any means a lordly dwelling-house, being a low, wide-extending private mansion, with two wings, one of which resembles a primitive Methodist chapel, the other possessing an undeniable *souppon* of a meeting-house. Rideau Hall was originally built by the late Hon. Thomas McKay, and named after the river and falls in its vicinity. The residence with about seventy-seven acres of the estate was leased to the Government in August, 1865, for the sum of \$4,000 per annum, with the right to purchase within three years for \$70,000, and subsequently within twelve years for such sum as might be determined upon by arbitration. An additional ten-acre lot adjacent to it was added at a lease of \$720. At the outset alterations and improvements to the property cost the Government over \$80,000. These improvements consisted of new buildings, comprising vinery, laundry, winter carriage-house, coach-house, ice-house, stables, etc. The Government purchased the property in 1868 for \$162,000. Since that date upwards of \$150,000 have been expended in additions and \$295,000 in repairs. The Hall is surrounded by thirty-five acres of artistically laid-out grounds, which, on the occasion of my visit, were "enshrined in seamless snow."

On my return to mine hostelry I found a letter from Major de Winton, private secretary to His Excellency, informing me that the Governor-General would receive me upon the following morning, and 10:30 saw my sleigh skimming into the *porte cochère* of the Government House.

The door was opened by a stalwart sergeant—formerly, by-the-way, in the Life Guards and at the relief of Lucknow as an artilleryman—who was attired in England's red. Another orderly-sergeant stood at attention, while a sentry gazed grimly at me as, Martini-Henry on shoulder, he paced backwards and forwards, reminding me of Brinsley Sheridan's luckless creditor who "walked fifty miles on this d-d carpet."

I waited, while my card was being delivered to Major de Winton, in a large hall, with short stairways right, left and centre, the latter giving a glimpse of a sombre interior. The hall is fitted up in oak, with high oaken dados. The paper above the dado is chocolate-color. The Visitors' Book stands at a desk beside a stove. On the desk is the following order:

"The A. D. C. in waiting will be much obliged if visitors will write their names and addresses, in Ottawa, in full."

The sergeant returned to the head of the central staircase, and requested me to follow him. I passed across the inner hall, wherein hangs a superb photograph of the Queen, done in 1875, the gold frame surmounted by the V. R. Here also is a bust—life-size, in bronze—of the Marquis of Lorne, in fur cap and fur collar, executed by Miss Montalba. The hall is furnished with oaken cabinets laden with real "bits o' Chelsea," statuettes and vases in majolica. The carpet is Brussels, a dull-red with white flowers. The hall leads to a corridor which runs the entire length of the building. This corridor, carpeted as the hall, is broken by glass doors, alcoves, and three sets of unimposing staircases.

In a snug and cheery room to the right I found Major de Winton, the most courteous and earnest of "swell" officials, who, after a brief but pleasant chat, proceeded to announce my arrival to His Excellency. Following the major along the gloomy corridor until we ar-

rived at a door on the left, through which came pouring a flood of dayshine. I stepped into the presence of the Governor-General.

The Marquis of Lorne was seated at a cabinet desk close to the window, a buffalo robe enshrouding his chair. He was attired in a blue shirt with a turned-down collar; a brown scarf, a blue coat with Astrachan collar and cuffs, and braided in black silk after the fashion of a hussar-jacket. His trousers were of light plaid, his boots laced, with yellow tops and india-rubber soles. He wore no ornament save a massive gold watch-chain of the curb pattern, and two plain, lumpy gold rings.

"Welcome to Canada!" he cheerily exclaimed, as, starting from his chair, he advanced to meet me with extended hand.

Let me describe the Governor-General's study. The apartment is evenly proportioned and lighted by two large windows, which give upon the skating-rink and the tobogganing gallery. The paper is gray; the carpet, Brussels—green, covered with ferns. The grate is English, and brass fitted; the mantel white marble, surmounted by a mirror. On either side of the mantel comes the gas through the heads of bronze Mousquetaires; on either side of the mirror the portraits of the late Duchess of Argyll, the Governor-General's mother, and the splendid Duchess of Sutherland, his lordship's aunt, and to whom the Queen was so devotedly attached. On the mantel is a clock "ticking the minutes with weird and skeleton hand." Two photographs of Her Royal Highness the Princess Louise stand on the mantelpiece, one in her wedding-dress, colored, the other a head only. A superb piece of Gobelin tapestry adorns the northern wall. His lordship's desk is very deep, very wide, and covered with scarlet cloth. A remarkable ink-bottle stands on the right hand—a horse-hoof shod in silver, the lid bearing the inscription, "The hoof of the charger that carried Lord Clyde through the Crimean War." Lord Clyde, it will be recollected, was the Sir Colin Campbell, who did such splendid service with the Ninety-third Highlanders at Balaklava. On the desk, confronting the Marquis, is a full-length photograph of the Princess Louise and another portrait of the illustrious lady set in a gold medallion. A miniature of the Queen in ivory, in a scarlet velvet open-case, also ornaments a desk laden with—oh, blessed sight!—quill pens, and with all the aesthetic impedimenta appertaining to scribbling in high latitudes.

A splendid photo of Inverary Castle, the seat of the Duke of Argyll, and an india-ink drawing by the Princess Louise of the "home-coming," occupy the southern wall; but the place of honor is relegated to a superbly executed portrait of the late Duchess of Argyll, the intense sweetness of expression which rendered her tranquil beauty so excessively winning being admirably rendered. Here, also, are pictures in oil, by the hand of the royal lady of the house, right masterfully executed, the subjects selected being scenes in Bonnie Scotland. An open bookcase, painted white, runs along this wall like a dado, "Hansard's Parliamentary Debates" forming a menacing battery on the top. On a table in the centre of the apartment lay a large morocco-bound volume, inscribed, "Addresses, 1878," and, beside it, three of those scarlet morocco-bound, royal-armed, lion-and-unicorn-dispatch-boxes, so dear to Ministers of State, and other high and mighty personages of Queen Victoria's Government.

On the eastern wall hangs a very large photo of the Princess Louise, and a bunch of red flowers, on a gray ground, painted by her Royal Highness. On a cabinet stands a colored portrait of the Princess in walking costume. A glass-case of salmon flies and "spoons," terra-cotta vases, a number of breech-loader cartridges, a pair of snowshoes, an outstretched morocco frame, containing photographs of the Argyll family, also adorn the cabinet.

The Governor-General, after having expressed regret at the death of Mr. Frank Leslie, plunged in *medias res*, chatting with vigorous animation upon many subjects, from the Teocalli of Mexico to the proposed Canadian Academy of Arts.

"I am very much interested in this proposed Academy," said the Marquis. "We have lots of talent in the country that requires to be developed and fostered. I want this Academy to be formed utterly independent of any Governmental or Departmental aid. It must make its own way, as did the Royal Academy of England. I have offered a medal for the best design in any art application of any Canadian plant, flower, or leaf for manufacturing purposes."

Appropos of Mr. Parnell's visit to the United States, the Marquis laughingly observed:

"If this sort of thing goes on, America will not only have to support the tenants, but the landlords as well."

After a brisk chat upon various topics, the Governor-General started to his feet, exclaiming:

"Come out and see how we manage to pull through the Winter here?" and, wrapping himself in a blue, blanket-hooded coat, lined and bound with scarlet, he strode along the corridor into the hall where the sentry presented arms, the sergeants saluted, and from thence out into the grounds to the curling rink.

"Curling is essentially a Scottish game," observed the Marquis. "We are very fond of it here, and we have some first-class curlers. I play the Viceroyal Club to-day against the Aranprior, a local club. You'll see some good play."

The curling rink is situated in a long shed, lighted at either side by windows—when dayshine fades, by gas-jets. The floor is of ice, forty-two yards long, as smooth as ice may be, and level as a billiard-table. The ice is marked at both ends by circles of "sets." The "stones" to be spun along the ice range from fifty-six to sixty-two pounds in weight. The

walls and roof of the rink at Rideau Hall are painted white, relieved by toboggins, their scarlet cushions breaking the white. The ante-rooms at both ends are fitted up for spectators, who can witness the play in heat and comfort through plate-glass windows. The ante-room through which we passed is fitted up in scarlet, with racks for skates, rubbers and boots. Against the wall is a handsomely framed printed notice, headed, "Viceroyal Curling Club of Canada," with list of members and officers, the Princess Louise being patroness. The following doggerel, in chalk upon a black board, written by one of the staff, should not be omitted:

"In curling, there's one thing to be thoroughly known,
And that is, that the 'skip' always goes it alone;
Another thing is—save the 'skip'—'in 'Tee'
Is a place where no man ought ever to be."

"Now, then," exclaimed the Marquis, "come out and have a look at our toboggins."

Standing at a height of seventy feet from the ground is a wooden structure, inclosed on three sides only, of about four feet square, supported on a framework of timber. This inclosure is approached by wooden steps, one side of the stairway being occupied by a flat board, thoroughly iced, along which the toboggin is trailed by the tobogginist, as he or she ascends to the slippery starting-point.

The Marquis led the way, dragging his toboggin after him.

To the uninitiated, it may as well be stated that the toboggin is a flat board of about five feet in length, eighteen inches in breadth, with the prow turned or rolled over. Upon the toboggin a cushion is placed, and upon the cushion the tobogginist either lies flat upon his stomach or assumes a sitting posture, with stiffened knee-joints, the feet being firmly pressed against the roll of the prow.

When we gained the summit of this wooden structure the Marquis observed:

"I'm awfully sorry you weren't here on New Year's Night. It was a vivid scene. I had the headlight of a locomotive just here," pointing to its empty frame, "and all along down there were Chinese lanterns."

The "down there" meant a strip of snow in a wooden groove about a quarter of a mile long, at an angle of forty-five.

"Now, then, I'll give you a toboggin experience."

The toboggin was placed on the floor of this tower, with its prow peeping over the icy steep.

"Just sit down, so," exclaimed the Marquis. "Put your feet against the prow there. Take hold of the rope. Lean back against me as much as ever you like," and, turning to one of his staff, "Just tuck in that ulster for him, will you?"

My ulster, a real bit of Irish frieze, was duly wrapped around my legs, and I awaited my fate.

"All ready?" demanded the Marquis.

"All right, sir."

"Let her go!"

I have an indistinct recollection of darting through the air, of losing breath and vision, of a champagne feeling, glorious in its intoxication, of regaining mind and sight, of skimming like a bird along the pure white snow, of slowing, and—then I had had my first toboggining experience.

"We ought to have done better," observed the Marquis, in rueful tones. "If it wasn't for the thaw I could have spun you out beyond that turn."

I had done seven hundred yards in twenty seconds, and was perfectly contented. In the second slide the Marquis caught my hat which had blown off, while we were in full career, and waved it above his head. This was a wonderful catch, rivaling his cricket experiences at Eton College.

An aide-de-camp having announced the arrival of the Aranprior Club, we returned to the Curling Rink, but not until Lord Lorne had graciously shown me a log-hut he had erected beside a new skating-rink out in the middle of a grove of pines. The view of Ottawa from this *boigne* of espial is especially picturesque.

The Aranpriors proved themselves to be good men and true, and the Viceroyals had to look closely to their laurels. Major de Winton, who is a capital curler, flung himself, *con amore*, as did also the Governor-General, into the game, and it was an exciting sight to behold the Marquis, in his turn, besom in hand, sweeping the ice with a rapidity that would put half a dozen spider-brushers to the blush, as his stone came curling slowly along to the "tee."

Leaving the curlers to their game, by permission of the Governor-General I returned to the house, where his lordship subsequently joined me, and honored me by acting as *cicerone*.

Commencing with the billiard-room, with its English table, pockets, balls and cues, we turned into the tennis-court, admirably devised for killing the dead hours of a rainy day; and from thence to the smoking-room, an egg-shaped apartment furnished with luxurious easy-chairs, the walls covered with colored prints of the uniforms of the British Service.

"Here is an old print I picked up, when I was over last year, in St. James Street," observed the Marquis, as he pointed to a quaint, out of drawing colored picture of the "Taking of Quebec." "This is rather good," nodding towards a water-color sketch of a fancy ball given at Buckingham Palace by the Queen, the costumes being of the period of the Restoration.

Crossing the hall we repaired to the ball-room, a very handsome, lofty, roomy and pale-green apartment, with a dais in scarlet at one end, the wall at the other being completely concealed by a magnificent piece of Gobelin tapestry in vivid preservation, although over two hundred years from the loom. Passing along the corridor, where the Montreal illuminated and emblazoned address shines from the

wall, we entered the drawing-room. This apartment is papered in dead light-blue with gray leaves. It has three windows on the right giving upon a veranda. The cornices are blue and white. The carpet and curtains are of dark-blue. There are two English grates, with gray marble mantelpieces surmounted by mirrors. A grand piano occupies a post of honor, while *bric-à-brac* and countless and costly knick-knacks appear on gypsy tables and cabinets and brackets. The walls are rich in works of art. The Princess Louise, life-size, in her bridal dress, veil, orange blossoms and all; a Doré, illustrating a passage in Tennyson's "Eline," the quotation in the artist's writing; a portrait of Prince Albert. Superb water-colors hang everywhere—Windsor Castle from Datchet Meade, Inverary Castle, Glen Shirra, Venice, Como, Nuremberg. A charming photograph of the Princess Louise in walking attire, enshrined in a Gothic silver frame is especially noticeable, while the display of Sevres is as rich as it is unique.

Between the drawing-room and the boudoir of the Princess Louise is the library, a bright, cheery retreat, the open bookcases being white. I found the floor piled with FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER and French pictorial papers neatly arranged preparatory to binding, while the table was littered with all the British and foreign quarterlies. The literary contents of the bookcases betrayed a varied and cultured taste, the French and German elements being strongly in force. On a writing-table near the window lay the Bible. Colored prints of religious subjects—from the old masters—cover the walls, and a bronze clock, crowned with a bust of the Queen, ornaments the mantelpiece. From the library we entered the boudoir of the Princess Louise. It is in this sanctum that the aesthetic tastes of Her Royal Highness reveal themselves. The apartment is all blue—walls, carpet, curtains. The white doors are exquisitely painted over with branches of apple-trees in full leaf and fruit, the handiwork of the Princess. Again we have two pieces of superb Gobelin, and between the windows, of which there are three, glowing flowers on dead-gold panels. A painting of a brick wall covered with peaches is also from the brush of the Princess, the picture having been finished but two days before the fire at Inverary Castle. A very enlarged photograph of the Queen occupies one corner of the room, an old silver casket of quaint design supporting it. Two canaries in gilded cages sing blithely in the windows, and immediately beneath the cage of the sweetest singer stands the *escritoire* of the Princess, laden with its gorgeous blotter and its gilt inkstand, bearing the royal arms, and facing the glass door leading into the conservatory, rich in the most luxuriant ferns. A Capo di Monti clock in ebony and blue tiles stands upon one mantelpiece, while the other groans under grotesques in Sevres. The chandelier is of glass. A cabinet edition of Shakespeare and Tennyson, together with some French novels, lay scattered on the principal table, while on a small stand opposite the crackling fire are spread the latest French and English newspapers. A portrait of the Duchess of Kent, the mother of the Queen, holds a conspicuous position in the boudoir, as do also photographs of the Princess of Wales and the Princess Beatrice.

"These are very rare prints," observed Lord Lorne, pointing to three framed engravings. "They give one an admirable idea of Quebec prior and subsequent to the storming by Wolfe;" and the Marquis, as though he had been in command on that eventful occasion, went through the entire plan of attack.

"The frames are valuable," he observed, from the fact that up to three months ago they formed part of the timbers of a ship sunk during the siege."

I would recommend to the notice of our lady readers the antimacassars in this boudoir, which are of the roughest and whitest bath toweling, with pink and yellow and blue dog-daisies worked in upon them.

A gong announced luncheon, and presently the curlers filed into the dining-room. With Thackeray, I hold the mahogany to be inviolable, so I shall content myself by merely stating that His Excellency's cook is a *cordons bleu*, and his wine merchant worthy of being canonized.

The dining-room is a large oblong apartment. The walls and carpet are in dull red. Portraits, after Winterhalter, of the Queen and Prince Albert, adorn the end walls. The buffets, right and left of the entrance, are of black walnut, with game subjects in relief. Gold salvers stand *en plaque*, three on each buffet. Claret jugs of horn, mounted in silver, with the Argyll arms emblazoned thereon, support the salvers. A silver biscuit-box, in the shape of a drum, is a notable object, as it bears the inscription: "From the soldiers of the Ninety-first Argyllshire Highlanders, presented by the kind permission of Her Majesty to Her Royal Highness the Princess Louise, on the occasion of her marriage, March 21st, 1871." Two very fine specimens of Van Goyen, Village Scenes, overhang sideboards standing in recesses at either side of the fire-place, a wild duck shot by the Marquis, and stuffed, being suspended on the centre panel of each, with the date of its destruction. There are also two oil paintings of Highland scenery in the room, and a large and imposing landscape. The furniture is of black walnut, upholstered in claret-colored morocco leather, plain, heavy and useful.

The bracing air of Canada would seem to be on good terms with the Marquis. He has become both stalwart and stout. His yellow hair is less *en evidence* than when I last saw him in England, and health and contentment reign in his bright, intelligent face. There will be no Court at Rideau Hall, all reports to the contrary notwithstanding.

It was late in the evening when I took my leave of the blue-blooded Laird of Lorne.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

—SOUTH CAROLINA has 1,349 miles of railroad.

—THERE are 2,000 Indians living in Mississippi.

—ORANGE culture is increasing around Mobile, Ala.

—THE coal-fields of Alabama are estimated to contain 52,000,000,000 bushels of coal.

—TO PAY a debt, the vestry of Christ's Church, Alexandria, Va., are endeavoring to sell the Bible used by General Washington.

—THERE is hope that the severe weather in France has killed the phylloxera, but is mingled with a fear that it has also killed the vines.

—THERE are more colored pupils than white in the public schools in Columbia, S. C., but the white people pay three-fourths of the expenses.

—ONE thousand tons of granite has recently been sent from quarries, near Columbia, S. C., to Washington City, to be used in some of the public buildings.

—THE State debt of Mississippi is \$2,618,900.47. During the past two years the debt has been reduced \$220,000. The cash balance in the treasury December 31st, 1879, was \$800,757.14.

—A PARIS dispatch says: "Eight ladies of the Order of the 'Little Sisters of the Poor' have been sent from the parent house at Rennes to establish a branch of the Order at Brooklyn, N. Y."

—THE British Royal Academy has resolved to admit women to membership subject to certain disabilities, including the deprivation of the right to vote at elections and attendance at the annual banquet.

—THE City of Paris has opened seven new central schools of design for girls only. Education in drawing has lately been made compulsory in France, and the means for acquiring it are therefore being extended in every direction.

—THE Commission of Cardinals at Rome recently gave judgment in the Princess of Monaco's divorce case, annulling the marriage, but pronouncing for the legitimacy of the child, and his education according to the wishes of the father.

—IT is stated that the young Maharaja of Udaipur, the acknowledged head of the Princes of Rajputana, has ordered all official business in his principality to be conducted in Sanscrit, which has hitherto been as much a dead language in India as Latin in Italy.

—THE new arsenal and dockyard to be founded at Mihara for the Japanese Navy will include dry and wet docks fit for the largest war ships, iron sheds in which iron and wooden war vessels may be built in any weather, foundries, engine shops, rolling mills, stores, etc.

—THE operations of the Department of Agriculture, recently created by the Legislature of South Carolina, are expected to commence during the present month. Hon. A. P. Butler, present State Fish Commissioner, will be placed in charge of the new department, retaining at the same time his position as Fish Commissioner.

—ISMAIL AYOUN PASHA, the newly-appointed Governor-General of the Sudan, demands that half a million pounds sterling and twenty-four thousand troops be placed at his disposal, so that he shall have unlimited powers. The Council of Ministers, regarding the Sudan merely as an Egyptian province, has rejected the demands of the Governor-General.

—MARYLAND's taxable property is valued at \$509,213,891 for the current fiscal year. This is an increased valuation of nearly \$40,000,000, due to the work of the Tax Commissioner in the process of assessment. A decision of the State Court of Appeals has brought stocks and bonds under assessment, and the taxables will be very greatly increased thereby.

—On the 16th of December, in a small city in Eastern Bohemia, thirty-one persons were fined \$2.50 each for attending a little service not connected with the State church. The leader of the meeting was fined \$12.50. On the 14th of December the attempt of a few believers in Stupitz, near Prague, to hold a Bible service in one of their homes was frustrated by the police. All this in Austria, whose constitution grants religious liberty to all citizens!

—THE following incident of the severe weather in Paris is related: On Sunday evening more than 100 workmen appeared in a body at the police office of the Palace of Justice, most of them leading by the hand wife and children, and stated that, having neither work, food, nor shelter, they wished to be detained as vagabonds. The request was refused. They then proceeded to a Commissioner of Police, who acknowledged the justice of their plea, and granted their request.

—THE celebration of the centennial of the battle of King's Mountain, which will take place on the 7th of October, is to be an interesting affair. Forty companies of the North Carolina State Guards will be present. All of the Southern railroad companies will reduce their rates for this occasion, that old citizens of the Carolinas who have emigrated to Alabama, Mississippi, Louisiana and Texas may be induced to attend. An American flag, twenty by thirty-six feet in size, will be unfurled from the top of the mountain.

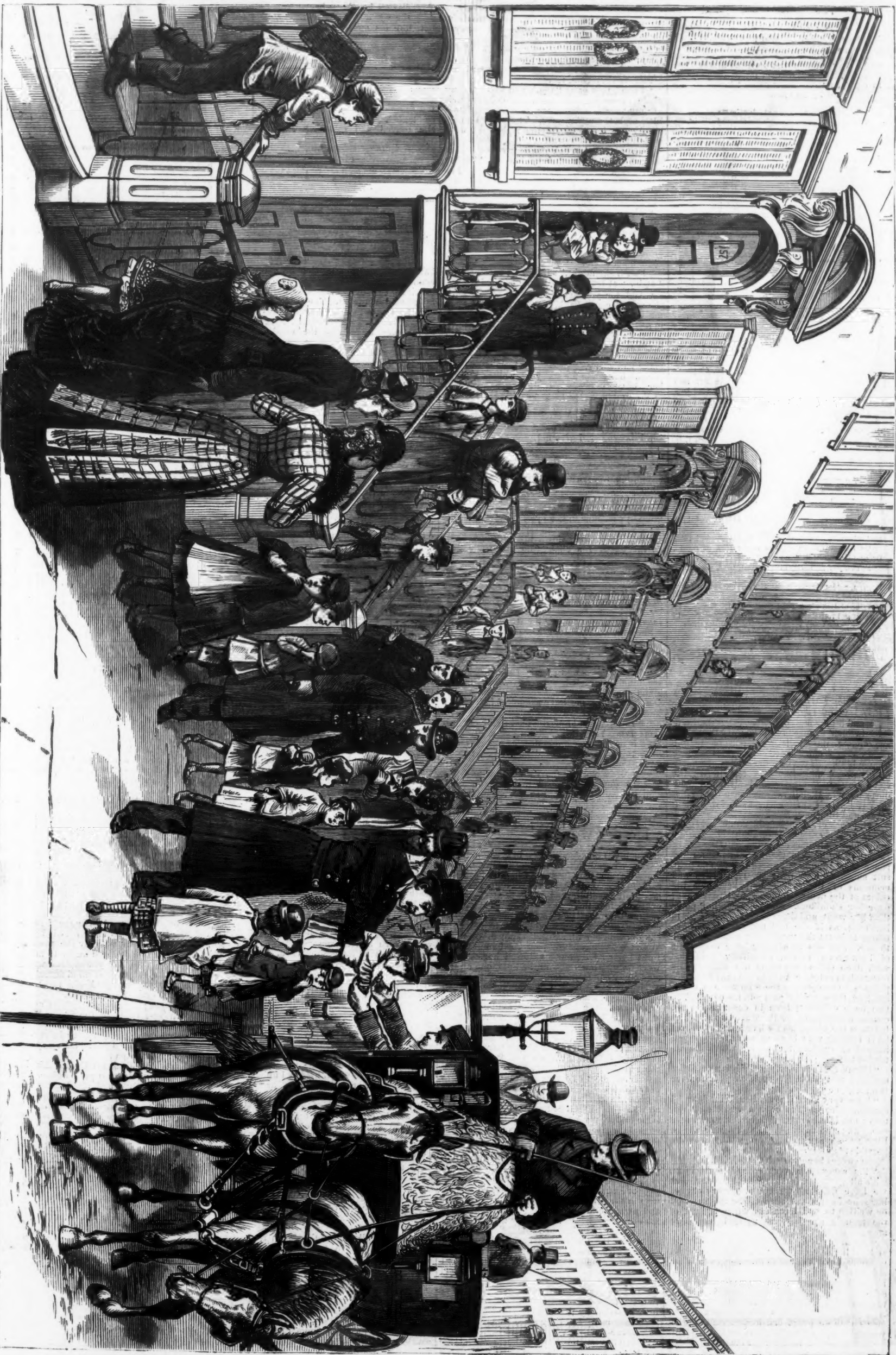
—THE Madras (India) Government are going in for growing mahogany. Seeds to the amount of 34,000 have been imported from Jamaica and sown in the Nilambur plantations; and the Conservator of Forests, Colonel Boddemo, reports that of these 12,000 have germinated. This is regarded as a complete success. From experiments already made, it is known that the climate of the plantations will suit the mahogany admirably, and as the tree grows very fast the enterprise of the Madras Government may be expected to soon bear valuable results.

—IN consequence of the public opposition to the levying of a tax of twenty reis (about one cent) a passenger on the street car traffic, a mob at Rio de Janeiro destroyed, on the 3d of January, the car and tracks of the company, attacked the conductors, and stoned and fired at the troops. The latter charged on and dispersed the mob. Three persons were killed and thirty wounded, including some soldiers and policemen. Order was finally restored, and the street-car traffic resumed. The Government, replying to a deputation, has refused to remove the impost.

—AUGUSTA, Ga., has six cotton factories in operation, one in the course of building, and capital is being raised for still another, the last to have 24,000 spindles and to cost \$500,000. The six factories used last year 40,000 bales of cotton, their products being worth \$4,000,000. Cotton-mill stocks are quoted there at \$1.20 to \$1.30. Last year the mills paid ten to twelve per cent. dividends, and put away handsome sums in their sinking funds for extensions. This new 24,000 spindle factory will add to the population of the city at least 5,000 souls, and will pay to employees \$175,000 annually. These mills make, besides what they consume, a market for 175,000 bales of cotton, which require \$8,000,000 annually to handle.



NO. 15.—INTERVIEW OF OUR ARTISTIC CORRESPONDENT WITH HIS EXCELLENCY THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL OF CANADA—THE MARQUIS OF LORNE IN THE STUDY OF THE VICEROYAL RESIDENCE, OTTAWA.—FROM A SKETCH BY E. A. OGDEN.
ILLUSTRATED INTERVIEWS WITH EMINENT PUBLIC MEN ON LEADING TOPICS OF THE DAY.—SEE PAGE 422.



NEW YORK CITY.—RESCUE OF STARVING CHILDREN FROM THE "SHEPHERD'S FOLD" BY THE POLICE AND OFFICERS OF THE SOCIETY FOR THE PREVENTION OF CRUELTY TO CHILDREN.
See Page 428.

SOUVENIRS.

RETURN, sweet dream, to soothe my ceaseless pain,
I need the winning balm thy coming grants:
It speaks to me of the glad past again,
The golden days of youth in sunny France.

When the far future had no vague alarm,
And when my heart held resolute belief
In purity and love, sweet days of charm
Untainted by the bitterness of grief!

I see once more my cozy student's room,
The pipe and fiddle, the curious old chair,
Wherein, till twilight draped me in its gloom,
I smiled with Gautier, raved with Baudelaire.

I see myself again, when times were dull,
Wandering upon the glittering Boulevard,
Writing romantic sonnets to a skull,
Or dubious songs for some new Alcazar.

Sweet dream, thou canst revive that happy time
When for Art's sake my last old coat was pawned—
To see, within the Louvre's walls sublime,
The dazzling, peerless grace of *La Joconde*!

And when with absinthe and with cigarettes
I vainly strove to give the perfect form
Of towering statues to my statuettes,
And make my plays like "Marion Delorme!"

Alas, my dream, all is not kind with thee;
The Morgue's white, trickling slabs thou dost recall,
And, pale upon one, I for ever see,
That poor drowned friend I cherished above all!

And no,—ah! well, I cannot now reprove
The heartless girl that lured from art and fame
His fine, chivalrous soul to Death's sad groove—
I pity both; I might have done the same!

Oh! dream, bring back no visions such as these.
But lead me rather to fair Fontainebleau,
Where, with the warmest of warm Burgundies,
We drank to Hugo, Dumas, Gericault!

Echo the merry jests that all day long
Made life a joy in those ecstatic hours,
When youth thrilled, birdlike, its great bliss in song,
When we existed but for Art and flowers!

And when in the deep, violet-haunted glade,
Two dusk-brown eyes of velvet and of flame,
Drooped their delicious light, while, half-afraid,
Pure lips first softly murmured, "Out, je l'aime!"

Return, sweet dream, to soothe my ceaseless pain,
I need the winning balm thy coming grants;
It tells of the glad, mad past again,
The golden days of youth in sunny France!

F. S. SALTUS.

THE HIDDEN WITNESS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THAT HUSBAND OF MINE."

CHAPTER XXV.—HUNTING A VOICE.

TWO months—three months have passed, and a glorious September robes the earth in florid beauty. In the country the woods are aflame, the air is crisp and frosty, the rivers creep more slowly, the skies show a fainter blue. In the city the streets are damp of mornings, and shop-boys take down the store shutters languidly, and fashionable ladies shiver in their wraps, because their edicts say it is too soon for the artificial heat of stoves and furnaces.

Mrs. Forester, though fashionable, generally yields to the exigencies of the time. Rather than shiver, she has caused a glowing fire of Lehigh to be built in the grate in her sitting-room. The time is after breakfast. The pale, soft sunshine lays over the rich grays and crimsons of the carpet, and brightens the colors of the pretty woolen shawl that hangs over her shoulders. She is somewhat paler than her wont, and there is an anxious look in her eyes, as if she had not rested or were taking to heart the troubles of some one dear to her. She sits in a nobly-large easy-chair of light-green velvet, plentifully protected with linen ties—the chair, of course—and a footstool, in crimson, adds to the luxury of her position. Opposite, in the fellow green chair, sits Flix, the morning paper in his hand. The two have evidently been in consultation not exactly harmonious, for there are two wrinkles between the young man's handsome eyes, and he is looking very hard at an advertisement, instead of reading the leader which he intended to do.

"I don't think it is either Christian or philosophical to trouble yourself as you do over this girl," he says, at last.

"I am very sure it is neither, Flix, dear. I suppose because I'm only a weak, silly woman; but I had grown to love her, really love her, Flix; and now, God knows where she is. I imagine so many things, some that are—oh, horrible!"

She covers her eyes with one hand. "I'm sorry, I'm very sorry," says Flix; "it's altogether an embarrassing matter. But we have done all we could. Every one of her schoolmates has been either interviewed or written to, and I confess, when I think of the trouble she has put us to, I feel more angry than anything else."

"My dear boy," said his mother, smiling and yet her lips quivered a little, "I know you never had much cause to like her, even when she was a child; but I am so sure you would if you had known her after she came from school. Why, at Mrs. Duprey's, last night, there wasn't a face to match hers, not one. And you don't think much of the girls one meets at these great crushes. I almost wish you did. I didn't use to think so, but it seems as if you ought to marry, Flix. Why won't you give me a daughter to love, now?"—her voice falters a little—"she has gone!"

"There is a little lady who sits at my hearth whom I would not exchange for the handsomest flirt of them all," he said, demurely. Her cheeks flushed—mothers like this sort of talk from their stalwart sons—and her eyes brightened.

"But Flix, dear, they are not all flirts," she says; "you are unjust. There's that dear, good girl, Grace Poullis, and the general, her father, is very rich, too."

"Pooh! that baby? Don't you know I can't abide blondes? And then, too, goodey girls are my special abhorrence. I'll let you into a little secret, mother mine. The girls I fancy would not, I fear, make the right sort of a wife for me."

"Oh, Flix! what can you mean?" "I mean that I rather prefer—well," after a little study and a short, low laugh at her anxious look, "a dash of the Bohemian."

"Oh, Flix! then I am sure you must have liked—"

"There, don't say it," and Flix rises from his chair and walks back and forth. "I know quite well who you mean, but we are rid of her at the present. I've no doubt she'll tire of her seclusion when her money has gone, and come back again."

"I wish she might," said Mrs. Forester with a sigh; "at least she made me happy."

"And for your sake, dear, I heartily wish she would come back, though I should start for a journey if she made her appearance, to-night."

"It's a shame how you hate that girl," said his mother, sharply, a spot of crimson on either cheek. "I heartily hope some day she may make you sorry."

"She has made me sorry ever since I knew her; but time presses, and I have a great deal to do to-day." He looked at his watch. "I must be off on my hunt again."

"Your hunt?" the dark eyes look wistfully up. "Then you have not given up the search. Oh, Flix, you will give me such deep, true joy if you find her!"

"Her? ha! ha! I'm not looking for her, my darling, anxious little mother, but for something less substantial, without form or color."

"What can you mean, Flix?" She drops the book she had just taken up, and looks at him with wonder in her eyes.

"My dear mother," and he stops walking and stands looking down upon her, his hand on the back of a chair, "do you remember that woman in green singing last night? Oh, for a voice! Well, so say I; I am hunting a voice."

"My dear Flix, are you enthralled at last? Is it a woman's voice that has pleased you?"

"What a romantic little matron it is," he says, laughing, and looking very handsome. "No, indeed, it is not a woman's voice, it sounds from under a heavy black mustache. I would give, I dare not say how much, to find the owner of that voice."

"Why, what is he to you?" asks Mrs. Forester, much interested. "I really cannot understand you."

"Not much to me, but a good deal to justice," he says, growing grave again.

"But tell me about it, you are always so secretive. Your father was a judge, Flix, but he was not above communicating a good many little things that occurred in his practice to me."

"My dear mother, there's nothing to tell—at least now—nothing of much importance. You remember the night I escorted Miss Mercer home?"

"Yes, indeed; she is such a pretty girl! I like her so much," half-sighed the managing little mamma.

"Yes; she is uncommonly pretty and uncommonly tame," was his bearish answer. "Well, we had got to the corner, about two houses from our hostess, when it began to rain in big drops. There was no carriage near, but a well-lighted omnibus made its appearance just then. I asked her if she could endure that sort of thing, and she answered eagerly, having the probable fate of her light silk dress in her thoughts, that she didn't mind at all; so, thinking any port good in a storm, I put her on board and followed her. There were only two persons in the bus, one an uncommonly handsome young man, and the other a larger, older man, I should judge, muffled up to the chin, an enormous English traveling-cap drawn over his eyes, and evidently very sleepy, for he was leaning up in the corner, his head sunk forward on his breast. You know that Miss Mercer is pretty, yes, but then she is a female parrot—a female parrot I particularly detest. Now, do you know, something in the reclining, inert figure of that man interested me to that extent that I longed to hear him speak, but that chatterbox by my side—good heavens, how she did talk!—and fancied no doubt I was edified. At last we took in some other passengers, and I improved the opportunity to move into the corner opposite my sleeper, if sleeping he was. Miss Mercer, seeing that her face attracted the gaze of the very handsome stranger, was still for a few precious moments, during which the younger man touched the other one on the knee, saying: 'We are near our hotel, major!' The gentleman in the corner started up, and seemed alert and awake on the instant. 'Did you give the man the change?' he asked, only that—nodding to the other as he stepped outside—only that—and yet," the young man breathed hard and spoke with so much excitement that Mrs. Forester half-rose in her chair to look at him, "I don't know what kept my hand from his coat-collar, I really don't. I know I sprang from my seat, but he was gone, and I had not the ill-manners to leave Miss Mercer, who might have been a little startled by my action—I don't know. I didn't ask her. But ever since I have been on the search for that voice, and if I find it—"

"Well?" responded his mother, excitedly. "I have something to say to that man, that's all!" Flix answered.

CHAPTER XXVI.—"OH, IT WAS AWFUL! AWFUL!"

NOTHING has been heard from Sylve. On the whole, Flix is rather glad. He does not, like his mother, imagine all manner of evil things, or fear that the girl is suffering. She has too much cunning for that, he thinks. Sometimes he recalls the vision that met him that night of his home-coming—the startled, dark-eyed creature, with clasped hands and hurried breath—the long red waves of her dress undulating over the shadowed carpet—the illumination of the hall gas casting transient glow on her bright, abundant hair, as she passed and repassed the door. Why, when he spoke, and spoke kindly, too, should she have turned from him with such a bitter cry? Had it hurt his vanity that he could not think of it without a frown, and something like a sneer curling his lips? At all events, it had enabled him to think more calmly of the flitting that followed so soon, to speculate upon the chances of the girl's recovery. Just now he had other work on his hand, however. Owing to some unavoidable detention, the Washaba case was laid over for a few weeks, and there was plenty of time to prosecute his search for the voice that, sleeping and waking, haunted him. Upon leaving his mother, after communicating what the reader knows concerning his singular errand, he left her to go to his office down-town. The air had sharpened, but the sky wore the sweet balmy color of Spring; the dead leaves eddied into every nook and recess, swept by the winds from the shuddering trees. The grocer at the corner bowed, and stuck his fat thumbs under the edge of his shop-apron as Flix passed, wondering if they had found that girl yet, for though the family had tried to keep Sylve's flitting a secret, all the world knew of it. A little ragged maid offered him a bunch of paper roses with a look of such entreaty in her sad, dark eyes, that he gave her twice the price she asked, and told her to keep her flowers for another customer. Seeing this, a frowsy-headed urchin ran after him a dozen squares, and told him a doleful story, which had no effect upon Flix, who never gave to boys.

Suddenly turning a corner, the young man came upon a crowd. A carriage stood near the curbstone, the panting, frightened horses held by a liveried coachman; a little further on, a smaller, lighter vehicle, broken at the shaft, lay in the road a complete wreck. From all quarters men and boys were running towards the scene of the disaster.

"Oh, Mr. Forester!" The words, spoken in a familiar voice, caused him to turn his head. There, at his elbow, stood Grace Poullis, dressed in black, her bonnet crushed back, and the veil fallen from her fair, sweet face. She was white as death, and her lips were drawn and blue. Her veil had fallen disarranged upon her shoulder, and the tears came crowding to her eyes.

"My dear Miss Grace!" ejaculated Flix, startled at her close proximity to the scene of confusion, "what is the matter? Have you been run away with? Are you hurt? Are any of your people hurt? I see now—this is your father's coachman."

"No, thank heaven, we are not hurt. Papa was in the carriage—he is further on. But, oh! I'm afraid somebody is dreadfully injured, if not killed. It was dreadful; the other horses were probably running when the two carriages came together with a crash. Oh, it was awful, awful!"

The tears were running down her cheeks now, notwithstanding a mob of boys, attracted by her excited manner, paused to listen before they had thoroughly investigated the catastrophe.

"This place is too public for you," said Flix, looking about; "allow me to conduct you to the drug-store opposite. It will be some time, I fear, before the horses are soothed."

"Thanks, I should like to go somewhere, and yet I am so anxious to know who is hurt, and if it is very serious."

"Let me get you a shelter first, and then I will return and inform you," said Flix, and passing a hand through his arm, she, nothing loath, for Flix Forester had long been her ideal hero, was led to the opposite side of the street, and consigned to the care of a boy who was pounding with all his might in a small stone mortar.

"I will report unless your father comes first," said Flix, and left her, soothed by the magic of his voice. Hurrying at once to the more immediate scene of the disaster, he forced his way through the crowd until he stood face to face with the injured man, who was lying on the walk, his head upheld by the druggist in whose store Flix had left his friend.

"They can't move him just yet," said some one at his elbow. Flix turned and met the saddened, handsome face of the man, the voice of whose friend in the omnibus the night before, had so startled him. Then he fastened his gaze upon the wounded man—a powerful, well-knit figure, whose features, though bronzed, were attractive, and over whose black, bushy beard a slender stream of life-blood trickled.

"Pardon me—you are this man's friend. I believe?" said Flix, to the gentleman at his elbow.

"I am," replied the other, with much emotion; "he is like a father to me," and he looked at Flix, his questioning eyes seeming to ask, "and who are you that seem to know I am his friend?"

"Is he very badly injured?" queried Flix.

"Very—I fear fatally," was the answer. "He was thrown with great force against the curb, and, being a heavy man, the shock was terrible!" The young man turned his head away, his lip quivered. "I wish I knew what to do," he continued, a moment after; "we are at present stopping at the M— Hotel, but

the man who went for a surgeon thinks we had better have him taken to the hospital, which is, I believe, quite near. That, however, I fear will be repugnant to him. He has a great horror of hospitals."

"He would get much the best care there, and you could, of course, have your own physician," said Flix. "I judge you are strangers to the city."

"Quite—at least I am. We have been living in California, but my friend had business here which he thought he could better prosecute on the ground." He shook his head despondingly as he added, "I fear he will never be able to attend to any business again."

"Oh, he will come round, no doubt," said Flix, as there was a stir in the crowd caused by the preparations made to move the wounded man. The other, who had been talking to Flix, instantly went round to the scene of action. In a moment or two he was back, however, a look of new interest in his face. Lifting his hat, he touched Flix lightly on the arm.

"Excuse me," he said; "is your name Forester?"

"My name is Forester," Flix answered. "I heard your name spoken," said the young man, "and you were the person indicated. Are you a lawyer?"

"I am a lawyer," was the reply, Flix wondering at the solicitude of his manner. "There is my card."

The stranger took it and read the name, "Felix Forester."

"You must be the very man," he said, looking up with a half-smile. "My friend had some law business which he intended to intrust to you."

"Ah, indeed?" Flix felt a strange contraction of the muscles of his face, and then, for fear that the change would be noticed, gave a dubious lawyer-like smile. "May I inquire your friend's name?"

"De Neal, sir. I think I have his card—ah, yes, here it is," taking a card from his pocket, on which the name E. de Neal was engraved, and also the name of the newspaper on which he was employed.

"Your friend is an editor, perhaps," said Flix, scanning the piece of pasteboard.

"That is his profession, sir; but I must be going—they have lifted him, I see."

"I should be happy to have a call from you, and to hear further of the welfare of your friend," Flix responded.

"I will communicate with you, sir, with pleasure. I scarcely dare hope that my poor friend may be able to make his visit in person, but you shall hear from him, sir, if he lives." He touched his hat and turned away.

"What a very handsome fellow," said Flix to himself, "and what a strange, terrible coincidence if nothing more. The name," he studied the card, "there's a 'De' in it, at all events—curious! I wonder how all this is going to end? It's not pleasant to hold the balance of life and death in one's hand. I hope most sincerely that I may be mistaken in my suspicions. What a fool I was not to ask him the nature of his business." He had crossed the street. Miss Grace Poullis stood looking out of the glass half-door of the handsome shop where he had left her. Recalled to the fact that she was yet there, Flix entered. The anxious face brightened, though she asked in a voice scarcely above a whisper, "Was he killed?" The little boy suspended the automatic motion of his elbows to hear.

"No, not killed."

"Thank God for that; I have been suffering from the fear that he was."

"Why should you suffer; the accident probably could not have been prevented."

"I don't know; John is very reckless—yet in this case—as the other horses were running—I—I hope it was not his fault. Did you see papa?"

"Yes; he was superintending the removal." "He has had some experience in such things. I was nearly killed once by a runaway horse."

"You, Miss Grace? Dear me, I never heard of it." His thoughts are with his business and the strange client, who by the providence of God he may be destined never to meet, but he is looking in the fair young face with that interest which absence of mind sometimes simulates, and the pretty cheeks redden and the conscious eyes are cast down.

"Oh, yes; it was two years ago. I was thrown just opposite the Opera House, and taken up for dead. I did then declare that I never would ride again after I got well, and I kept my word for a year; here is papa. Is he terribly hurt, papa?"

"I am afraid so, my dear. Ah, Forester, shall I set you down at your office? The grays are all right, my dear," turning to Grace, who breathlessly awaited Flix's answer, which evidently was of great importance to her. Flix took out his watch, reflected a moment and declined. He did not notice the look of disappointment that spread over the face opposite him. If he had I fear it would not have altered his decision. He bade them good-morning, shaking hands with both, and went out into the pale sunshine. The wounded man had by this time been taken away, and the crowd had lessened, a few street Arabs standing about the broken vehicle, which had been drawn to one side, and probably speculating upon the extent of the injury done to man and beast. As Flix left the store a tall, blue-coated, brass-buttoned policeman turned a corner a few blocks above. He descried Flix and hastened his steps, walking faster and faster, till Flix, stopping for a moment to look at something that arrested his attention in a shop-window, the guardian of the public honor came up with him. Flix turned as the shadow fell upon the huge crystal of plate-glass, through which shone resplendent the choicest paintings and engravings arranged with true artistic skill, and at once responded to the grim salutation, the respectful touch of the cap.

"You look as if you had something to say," he exclaimed, straightening his handsome figure.

"I have," was the laconic response.

"Well," his face expressed mingled pleasure and anxiety.

"We have found the young lady."

"Where?" queried Flix, drawing a long breath of relief, and thinking of his mother.

"In Virginia."

CHAPTER XXVII.—"THE DEAD MAN'S POOL."

"I HAVE gained my point. I was determined that the advance should come from her, and now I do believe the little wretch likes me."

So wrote Sylve de Latude, who had made a practice of jotting down her thoughts, after a fashion, not by any means in a methodical, diary style, since she had taken up her abode at the Braddocks'. Her school was prospering famously, and save that the restraints of her new calling irked her somewhat at times, she rather liked the employment. She sat this morning, as she wrote, at the window, which was absolutely vine-clad, covered all over with the rich lush vine of the Virginia creeper, looking out over the road that stretched long and sinuously through the far distance, till it was lost at the summit of a steep hill. Never, in her bravest attire, had she looked so beautiful as now, in her plain cotton dress, that clung to her lithe figure as if it was molded to it; her hair thrown back and down in glorious abandon; her fearless eyes filled with a softly-luminous light.

The deep shadows, with twilight in their wake, that stretched solemnly from the trunks of the tall trees far across the yellow-green of the meadow-grass, lengthened perceptibly, and the fair, frail tints of the Autumn-leaves took a deeper glow from the setting sun that bathed all the west in a lovely golden tinge. The person about whom she had jotted down her thoughts so carelessly was Eve Lewin. The lonely girl had been so in need of companionship that, acting upon hints suggested by Raphael and backed by Nurse Desire, she had gradually narrowed the cold gulf of ordinary courtesy, and shaken hands across it, acknowledging to herself that the brilliant Northern beauty was worth cultivating, and graciously concluding to let bygones be bygones. To an unreflecting hate had succeeded, as is sometimes the case, a devoted friendship on the part of the Southern girl; but, though Sylve was always agreeable and sometimes affectionate in her presence, her earlier sentiments were but little changed, if any. She regarded Eve as a sort of rival, and never took the pains to deceive herself in the estimate she had first formed, though she was not above sedulously striving to gain her regard. It was a proud moment for her when Eve first petitioned to enter her class as a pupil, and, since then, the friendless, single-hearted girl had conceived a strong affection for her wilhom enemy, which Sylve returned indifferently.

While sitting at the window, Sylve heard footsteps, and hurriedly shut her book and put it out of the way. It was Salome's dark, bright face that looked in upon her.

"I have just had a letter," she said, "from a little second cousin of mine. The poor thing has lost her mother, and has really nowhere to go."

By this time she had come forward to where Sylve sat.

"Is she very poor?" asked Sylve.

"Very; her little note is almost tragic in its pathos. She had a mother, she is dead; she had a lover, he has forgotten her. Poor little soul! It was a marriage—that of her parents—that displeased everybody—in the family. I mean. She was a bright, capable little woman any man might be proud to call wife. He got his bread by his wits," continued Salome, "but he did everything for her. They say if he had lived, he would have made a fortune." She drew nearer. Her face assumed an expression of mystery. "You know that place down the road?" she added.

"The Dead Man's Pool?" queried Sylve.

"The same. I told you its history. The poor fellow who was murdered was this girl's father."

Sylve shuddered a little, and involuntarily cast a glance back into the deepening shadows of the room.

"She knows that, of course?"

"She knows that he was killed in Virginia. I have never told her the particulars as I know them."

"And was the murderer never found out?"

"Never. He, poor man—the peddler—had a large sum of money with him, which, as the banks were a little shaky at that time, he had just drawn out. For that money he was killed. I shall never forget that time. It was the year before I went North to school, and I was a girl of ten. A stranger, who had been thrown from his horse behind the fence, and paralyzed by the shock, testified afterwards to hearing the whole affair, though, of course, he could see nothing. He was carried up to Colonel Lewin's, and was there for weeks. I saw him several times—one of the finest-looking men I ever met, not so handsome as peculiar-looking; an exceptional face he had—a marked, expressive face—that once seen is never forgotten. By-the-way—why, yes, I remember, his name was Forester, though, I think, he must have been an older man than your guardian."

"But what are you going to do?" asked Sylve, turning her head aside at mention of the name, and speaking impetuously.

"Do? What would you do? Wouldn't you send for the poor little thing? She must have a home."

"Yes, I would," said Sylve, anxiously looking forward to some new excitement; "she and I will be sisters in misfortune. But what about her lover? Who is he?"

"There I'm in the dark," said Salome. "I only know that there was a young man who

was very attentive to her; but he has gone off somewhere, and forgotten her, I suppose."

"Is she handsome?"

"I've been waiting for that question," laughed Salome. "Well, yes, a sort of flower-like beauty—a lily, her mother always called her. Poor lily, now that the stalk is broken, her head hangs down. Well—rising—"I think I will write to her. No doubt, being a New England girl, she is thoroughly capable. When you are tracked to your lair, and go home and be good, like a sensible girl, she can step into your shoes and take the school."

"That goal of the disappointed and unloved," murmured Sylve. "Well, she will be welcome when that time comes."

"And the great fortune?"

"I don't care for the great fortune," says Sylve, doggedly.

"Don't you? Wait till the outer coating of your romance has worn off, and see," Salome retorts.

"Do you want to get rid of me?"

"If you do I'll take her," cries a fresh young voice, and in the deepening dusk a bright face is visible. Eve Lewin trips in, her long muslin draperies making her look weird in the half-light as she comes forward.

"Do say you're tired of her, Salome, please do," pleads the pretty bird voice, "Take pity on my seclusion and loneliness. Why, I am actually driven to talk to dumb, inanimate things, the pictures on the walls, the chairs and tables. Come and pay me a long visit, Miss Brown. Raphael will be here soon, and I can't possibly entertain him by myself. It's so stupid, just two and no more."

"You forget," laughed Sylve, "two is company—three is none."

"Oh, don't quote those musty old sayings. Why might it not be as well, two is company, three is more, or better?"

"I've a great mind to go," says Sylve to herself, thinking of the paragon she has never seen, Raphael Wilde.

"You shall share my bed, and Dee is a lovely cook," pleads Eve, waxing eloquent. "She gets up such tiny, ravishing dinners, and there is always more than enough. I'm continually fretting that there isn't some one to help me eat them. Think of my sitting down alone at dinner! It's absolutely terrible."

"Why don't you have Dee sit with you?"

Eve opened her great blue eyes to their widest extent, and then said, in a colder voice: "Dee knows her place too well."

"I'm afraid we should quarrel, our notions about things are so different," said Sylve, shrugging her shoulders.

"Oh, no, we'd both concede a little—that is, I would, I think. Suppose we try it for a while. Come and stay with me—as long as you can. Take pity on my forlorn state."

It all ended in Sylve's effects being carried over to Lewin House in a little brown trunk, which Salome lent her; so the once despised teacher became an inmate of the old mansion that but a few years before had made such a brilliant show. She carried thither her Northern energy and ingenuity to bear upon household matters, and new comforts and elegancies sprang upon them. Sometimes she acknowledged to herself that it was a little tiresome, hearing so perpetually the praise of the coming man, for Eve, restricted from other topics by her utterly secluded life, could talk of little else, and if she dropped the theme it was taken up by Dee, who, gathering all the virtues she had ever seen or heard of, concentrated them in one name, Raphael Wilde.

(To be continued.)

PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE FOREIGN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

The Severe Winter in Paris.

Since 1830 Paris has not been so enshrouded in snow as this Winter. December 5th there was an average fall of from forty to fifty centimetres. In some unprotected places it lay from three to four feet deep. Cabs, street-cars and omnibuses, with four and five horses hitched to them, moved as slowly as bears; hundreds of wagons remained blocked in the snow; the horses were removed from them and led home to their stables; no one ventured into the streets unless compelled to. Never since the Commune has Paris looked so gloomy; the railroads leading out of the city were all blocked, so that travel and exportation were at a standstill. It cost the city 1,600,000 francs to clear the streets from snow. It cost 100,000 francs the first two days to clear the sidewalks. Besides the usual 3,000 street-cleaners, thousands of others were pressed into service. Workmen were paid thirty centimes an hour by day and sixty by night for their work. The Seine River was frozen over, which has only occurred during the last century five times.

The Tay Bridge Disaster.

The exploration of the bed of the river, in which lie the wreck of the train and the fallen girders, has been carried on with as much vigor as the state of the weather would permit, six divers being employed besides a large number of trawlers, who, with ropes and hooks, have been dragging different parts of the water from boats. The divers find that the train divided itself into two portions, of which only the foremost portion, with the engine and tender, has yet been discovered, lying inside the girders. The shells of carriages remaining were almost empty; not only the passengers' bodies, but the cushions, seats and partitions had been forced out by the current of the river or the tide. The wreckage brought up consists mostly of planks and beams from the permanent way of the railroad, or floor of the bridge, and even these thick timbers are very much broken up. As they floated towards the shores crowds of men, women and children grappled for them, forming scenes, particularly at Broughy Ferry, of a very active and picturesque character.

The New Year's Water Festival, Burmah.

On the first day of the New Year begins the "Water Festival," which lasts for four days. At daybreak the people proceed to the pagodas, which they sprinkle with water, offering up at the same time prayers for a plentiful season. They also present jars of water to the priests, and ask forgiveness for the sins of the past year. After this a kind of Burmese carnival begins, only, instead of sweetmeats and nosegays, water is thrown, sometimes scented, or with flowers in it. The fronts of the houses are decorated with green leaves and flowers, and the inmates send showers of water on the passers by; or bands

of young men and women parade the streets armed with earthen jars of water and silver cups, drenching every one they meet amid peals of laughter. Sometimes these bands meet, and have regular contests, drenching each other. No one, whatever his rank, escapes the liquid salutation; indeed, bad luck is sure to befall those who are not wet at least once during the day, and the license gives rise to much harmless merriment. The original idea of the festival is that of washing away the sins, impurities and ill feelings of the past year.

The Zulu King in Captivity.

The ex Zulu King bears his captivity well, his anxiety about the presence and "sympathy" of his numerous wives, and the requisite quality of food, having been relieved. He is proud of his European clothes, and his advancement in learning to read and write. With the British officers at the Castle, at Cape Town, South Africa, he has become a great favorite. No restraints are placed upon him, and he gives no trouble whatever to his custodians.

Distribution of Dowries to Poor Girls in Rome.

A mode of beneficence common in Europe and not without its attractive features is shown in this illustration. It is on the continent a very common thing for a person of wealth to create a fund the income of which is annually given among a certain number of meritorious and virtuous young girls, in order to enable them to marry advantageously. The artist Ferrant depicts in our illustration a scene of such a distribution, which occurred on the Feast of the Immaculate Conception, December 8th, in the Church of Montserrat at Rome, which is the national church of the Spaniards. Some charitable persons from the peninsula established the fund in the sixteenth century, and, invested in town and country property, it has continued three centuries to do its meritorious work. The distribution is made under the direction of the Spanish Benedictines, and was attended by the Spanish Ambassadors to the Pope and the King, by the Spanish artists in Rome and many of their countrypeople of both sexes, who form the Spanish colony in the Eternal City.

Another Attempt on the Life of Alfonso XII.

It is sad to see that the young King of Spain is decidedly unpopular with his people. The overthrow of the Carlists, in which he took part, ought to have won him the attachment of a people not inensible to military glory. The charming character of Mercedes and her early death seemed to gather around him a nation's sympathy, but there seems a lack of personal magnetism about him, he has not the charm of popularity. He had been driving out in a phaeton with the Queen, attended only by two lackeys and a courier, and was just returning to the palace, when an attempt was made upon his life. As the light vehicle passed under the shadow of the Puerta del Principe, which opens on the Plaza del Oriente, a man fired twice with a Lefauchaux double-barreled pistol. The first ball almost grazed the neck of the King and the forehead of Queen Christine, who, uttering a cry of alarm, flung her arms around Alfonso. The assassin, Francisco Orero Gonzalez, a native of Guntin, in the province of Lago, aged nineteen, was at once arrested. When the Queen recovered from the shock, reassured by the King as to his safety, ministers and grandees crowded around them to protest their devotedness to the royal family and their horror of the shameful attempt. The Queen was greatly prostrated by the fearful ordeal through which she had just passed and which shadows with gloom the life on which she has just entered, and which Spain may be said to have promised to invest with loyalty and chivalrous devotion.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

At the last sitting of the Paris Society of Geography a letter from M. Sibirakoff, one of the promoters of Nordenskjöld's North Asiatic Expedition, was read. This generous gentleman proposes to the Society to send a handsome subscription, in case a French expedition is sent to these parts.

A Committee has been appointed to receive subscriptions for the purpose of commemorating the retirement of Dr. Andrews from the Vice-Presidency of the Queen's College, Belfast, by a bust or portrait to be placed in the College, and a prize or scholarship to be founded in the same institution in connection with chemical science.

The Excavations at Olympia under the auspices of the German Government have been resumed this Winter with a force of 100 workmen. A statue of Nemesis, and heads of Titus, of a kneeling infant, and of Patonio's Nike have already been unearthed this season. The total number of works of art thus far excavated is sixty-seven, consisting of forty-one figures and twenty-six heads.

Some Curious Statistics of gas-lighting in Paris have been published recently. The greatest duration of public lighting is 14 hours 30 minutes, and smallest 5 hours 25 minutes. The cost of gas for public and private establishments is \$10,000,000, about \$5 per head for each inhabitant of Paris. The total consumption of gas is 6,600,000,000 cubic feet. In 1880 the Paris Municipality intends to enlarge its lighting expenses by \$80,000, and \$40,000 for establishing new gas-lamps. No provision appears to be made for electricity.

Decomposition of Chlorine.—The elementary character of chlorine has been contested from the very start, and it was only the weighty authority of Sir Humphrey Davy that put a stop to the discussion in the journals. The late Professor Schoenbein, of Switzerland, always maintained that chlorine contained oxygen, and his arguments and proofs were difficult to overcome. We now hear that another Swiss chemist, Victor Meyer, of Zurich, has been experimenting in a new direction, and that he claims to have dissociated chlorine, and to have separated the oxygen from it. He accomplished this by exposing pure chlorine gas to a very high temperature in a vapor-density apparatus invented by himself. The dissociated gas issuing out of the apparatus was passed through iodide of potassium to free it of the chlorine, and the unabsorbed oxygen was collected and tested as usual. Thus chlorine appears to be a compound body made up of a new element to be called murium, and of oxygen, possibly confirming the views of Schoenbein and other chemists.

Mind and Matter.—Professor Allman in his address before the British Association says we are not forced to the conclusion that there is nothing in the universe but matter and force. The simplest physical law is absolutely inconceivable by the highest of the brutes, and no one would be justified in assuming that man had already attained the limit of his powers. Whatever may be the mysterious bond which connects organization with psychical endowments, the one great fact—a fact of inestimable importance—stands out clear and freed from all obscurity and doubt, that from the first dawn of intelligence there is with every advance in organization a corresponding advance in mind. Mind as well as body is thus traveling onwards through higher and still higher phases; the great law of evolution is shaping the destiny of our race; and though now we may at most but indicate some weak point in the generalization which would refer consciousness as well as life to a common material source, who can say that in the far-off future there may not yet be evolved other and higher faculties from which light may stream in upon the darkness and reveal to man the great mystery of thought.

PERSONAL GOSSIP.

SENATOR LAMAR is steadily improving in health. He is now able to sit up, and has left Jackson for his home at Oxford.

PRINCE HOHENLOHE, a German Ambassador in Paris, gives offense by his haughty and brusque manner, both in social and official circles.

THE South Carolina Historical Society is considering the question of erecting a monument over the grave of Carolina's poet, Henry Timrod.

M. STANILAS HAREL, one of the richest men in Rouen, France, has just died, leaving his whole fortune of several millions of francs to his valet.

MR. W. C. FOX, United States Consul at Brunswick, Germany, is shortly to be married to a daughter of one of the wealthiest residents of that city.

THE new St. Botolph Club, of Boston, has Francis Parkman, the historian, for its President. Professor Alexander Agassiz is one of the Executive Committee.

REV. DR. J. B. MCFERRIN, Agent of the Southern Methodist Publishing House, at Nashville, is seriously ill, having been seized with vertigo and threatened with paralysis of the brain.

It is reported that Albert Victor and George, sons of the Prince of Wales, now in Her Majesty's steamer *Bacchante*, at Barbadoes, will meet the Princess Louise at Halifax, on her arrival from England.

MR. SAMUEL SMILES has received from the King of Italy a valuable decoration as a mark of the royal appreciation of his books. "Self-Help," translated, has been sold in Italy to the number of 50,000 copies.

PROFESSOR TYNDALL is giving a series of scientific lectures to children in London. He has just given one on glaciers. The experiments showing the formation of clouds and snow crystals are said to have been very beautiful and successful.

THE Mexican Government has ordered the celebrated Castle of Chapultepec refitted for the reception of General Grant and party. A house is also being prepared in the City of Mexico to enable the party to alternate between the town and country.

IN Munich Cathedral, on New Year's Day, the Queen-Dowager of Bavaria was struck by a house-portress, who had suddenly become insane, and was with difficulty overpowered. The Queen, notwithstanding her painful emotion, remained to the end of the service.

MR. OLIVER DALRYMPLE, the great Minnesota farmer, intends to cultivate 30,000 acres of wheat this year. He will have twenty steam-threshers in operation, with 135 reaping-machines. Last year he employed 600 laborers, and this year will increase the number to 700.

A COMMUNICATION from Mr. Christiancy, United States Minister to Peru, was brought to the attention of the Cabinet. Mr. Christiancy has been requested to recognize the present Government of Peru. It was decided to authorize Mr. Christiancy to use his own discretion in the matter.

THE Bishop of Manchester, who has for a quarter of a century been engaged to Miss Duncan, of Bath, to marry her next month—unless one or the other takes a contrary view of the project. The clergy of the diocese are subscribing for a present to his lordship, the subscriptions being limited to one guinea.

MISS HARRIET LANE, who in the days of James Buchanan was mistress of the White House, and who is now the wife of Robert Johnson, a wealthy banker of Baltimore, has recently purchased Wheatlands, the place where her uncle was born, in Pennsylvania, and will there erect a suitable memorial to him.

JUDGE PHILIP H. MORGAN, who has been nominated for the Mexican mission, is a native of Louisiana, and has been a member of the State Supreme Court of Louisiana; was United States District Attorney of that State, and is regarded as a lawyer of ability. He is now in Egypt practicing his profession, and his appointment is highly spoken of by members of the Louisiana delegation in Washington.

LADY MARY HAMILTON, lately Princess of Monaco, has asked the authorization of the Church to contract a new marriage with a Hungarian Prince. The Church is reported to find no impediment, but the marriage must be performed in some country where no civil marriage is known, since the civil law holds her to be still married to the Prince of Monaco. The marriage will take place shortly at Vienna.

QUEEN VICTORIA is said to have a long memory for persons and faces. Her whole thoughts now seem centred in her soldiers, especially in those who have been wounded in her service; and in looking over paintings of subjects in the recent wars, she knows and remembers the names of all those soldiers—even privates—on whom she has conferred the Victoria Cross or other honors, at once picking them out in the painting and asking after them by name.

GENERAL LUCIUS FAIRCHILD, to succeed Minister Lowell at Madrid, is promoted from the consular generalship at Paris. He was in Liverpool in 1872, and was transferred to the Paris office in 1879, which he still holds. General Fairchild was born in Ohio in 1831, removed to Wisconsin at an early age, and went to the war from that State as captain in a three months' regiment, and was afterwards commissioned as captain in the Regular Army. He saw much service in the field, lost an arm at Gettysburg, and was commissioned brigadier-general from that date for gallantry. He then entered the civil service, first as Secretary of State and, later, as Governor, holding the latter office for three terms.

COLONEL JOHN W. FOSTER, the new envoy to Russia, was born in Evansville, Ind., about 1834, was educated at Bloomington University and at Harvard Law School, and commenced the practice of law at his native city as a partner of ex-Governor Conrad Baker. At the outbreak of the war he was commissioned an officer of Indiana volunteers, and saw an unusual amount of hard service. After the war he became editor and proprietor of the *Daily Evansville Journal*, was chairman of the Republican executive committee in 1872, and was largely instrumental in the success of his party in that year. He has been Minister to Mexico since 1873, has recently traveled through most of the States of Mexico, and is credited with great diplomatic ability.

ABDUR RAHMAN KHAN, who may soon be the strongest claimant for the Afghan throne, is the son of Afzul Khan, elder brother of Sher Ali, and, according to English ideas of primogeniture, natural successor to Dost Mohammed. In 1865 he rebelled and seized Balkh, and in 1866 seized Cabul and proclaimed his father Ameer. Afzul was recognized by the Indian Government, and obeyed by the greater part of the country, but took to drinking and became unpopular, and, on his death, Abdur Rahman found himself obliged to recognize his uncle, Sher Ali, as Ameer. He rebelled, however, once more at Balkh, but was twice defeated by Yakoub Khan, who thus earned the reputation of a soldier, which he has now so completely survived. Abdur Rahman fled into Russia, where he received a pension of £3,000 a year, which he has diligently saved.



OBVERSE OF THE MEDAL PRESENTED TO THE LATE FRANK LESLIE BY THE FRENCH GOVERNMENT IN 1867.

FRANK LESLIE'S DESK AND CHAIR.

IN the southeastern corner of the immense editorial room, commanding a view of the editorial desks, the library, and his loved Art Department, Mr. Leslie used to work. From this corner were issued the instructions, with electric rapidity, the carrying out of which was destined to enlighten, educate and delight the people of this vast continent—destined to render the name of Frank Leslie a veritable household word. Seating himself at his desk, he would, in the short, sharp, incisive tone of one accustomed to be obeyed, summon such editor, or artist, or engraver, or chief of department, as the occasion demanded, and, in a few pithy and well-chosen words, convey his idea, always, however, asking for ideas in exchange, and with a gentle and courteous humility that emboldened the most timid of his staff to suggest, argue and urge. Immediately behind his chair was the door of his private office, whither he would occasionally retire to confer with author or artist, or to consult with Mrs. Leslie, whose editorial sanctum stands still further back, and upon whose opinion in business matters he set so high a value.

In his time, Frank Leslie had many honors conferred upon him, ever unsought for, ever unsolicited. He was appointed a Commissioner to represent the United States at the Exposition in Paris in 1867, and his Report on the Fine Arts in connection with his mission was an exhaustive and masterful résumé of the entire subject, and handled with the dexterity of an expert. Mr. Leslie was presented by the Emperor Napoleon III., in person, with commemorative medals, of which we give obverse and reverse illustrations. The medals are of bronze, and on the obverse of each, in bas-relief, is the profile of the Emperor. The large medal was presented by the French Government "Pour services rendus," or services rendered, and inscribed with the name of the Commissioner on a tablet borne by two cherubs, a laurel crown above, the Imperial eagle beneath; the medal for services on the International Jury was exceptional, and only presented to the members of the jury, of which Mr. Leslie was one; while the Imperial Commission Medal was presented as a souvenir of the Exposition. As the boy is father to the man, at the age of thirteen years Frank Leslie sketched and engraved the coat-of-arms of the town of Ipswich, his place of birth, a notable work for one so young—notable from its treatment, fidelity and workmanship. As the boy was intensely proud of this his first step on the path he was destined to cleave for himself in the after-time, so in that after-time did the man look fondly back upon that first step in the art which brought him name and fame and fortune. Ipswich, too, was justly proud of this effort of her youthful son, and when, after an absence of seventeen years, Mr. Leslie revisited his native city, the engraving, which we illustrate, was proudly produced and exhibited.

THE ANNUAL FLOWER PARTY.

FOR several years the Young Men's Charity Association of New York have been in the habit of giving a flower party for the benefit of the Northeastern Homeopathic Dispensary. These parties have always drawn together the élite of the city for an evening of pleasurable entertainment. This season the party was given at Delmonico's, on



THE FIRST WOODCUT DRAWN AND ENGRAVED BY THE LATE FRANK LESLIE AT THE AGE OF THIRTEEN.

Monday evening, January 19th. The ballroom was decorated with vast flowering-plants on brackets about the walls, and large pieces on the corners, while from the crystal chandeliers hung delicate vines. In the parlor was placed a large bower of flowers, from which all the guests were presented with bouquets, those for the gentlemen being *bouquets*, while each lady received her bouquet in a fancy basket, surrounded by a gilt horseshoe, inscribed with "Good luck." Miss Eugenie Mortimer Earle presided in the floral temple, and wore a dress of brocade white satin in Persian colors, with princess back, *decouleté*, and short sleeves. No flowers were sold as on previous occasions of the kind, but the tickets were this year sold at a higher price than usual, and covered all the incidentals of the evening. After 9 P.M. no tickets were sold.

After an hour's promenade concert by Lander's orchestra, the ball was opened at 10 o'clock by the Floor Committee, followed by the guests. Supper was served at 11 o'clock, after which dancing was resumed and kept up until a late hour.

RESCUED FROM THE SHEPHERD'S FOLD.

THE most important rescue that has signalized the New York Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children since its organization, was that made on Saturday, January 17th, at the building known as the "Shepherd's Fold," No. 157 East Sixtieth Street. It was conducted at the time by the Rev. Edward Cowley,

directly to the Supreme Court-room, where, after arranging them before Judge Donohue, Mr. Delafield reported the action that had been taken. Although the warrants called for twenty-eight children, but twenty-four were found, and one of them, little Louis Victor, was hunted up in St. Luke's Hospital, whither he had been sent by "Secretary" Cowley in a dying condition, the result of starvation.

Wishing to give Mr. Cowley, or some representative of the Fold, an opportunity to be heard, Judge Donohue adjourned the examination to Saturday, 24th inst. Before doing so he issued an order consigning the children to the care of the Society pending the investigation. As soon as the legal forms were settled the children were taken by Mr. Elbridge T. Gerry, President of the Society, to a restaurant, and given the first good meal they had had for months, and in the case of some, for years.

It is said by Superintendent Jenkins that "several complaints have been made to this Society heretofore against this institution, but they have been based in some instances in such a way that the Society did not feel justified in proceeding against the Shepherd's Fold. I have heard that Mr. Cowley was formerly employed on the Island, and when the Shepherd's Fold was organized in 1868 he remained with it some time and then withdrew. Soon after he organized the Children's Fold. Two years ago he resigned from the latter, on account of the complaints made against him for having starved children under his care, taking with him some children whom he placed in the Shepherd's Fold. The Children's Fold removed

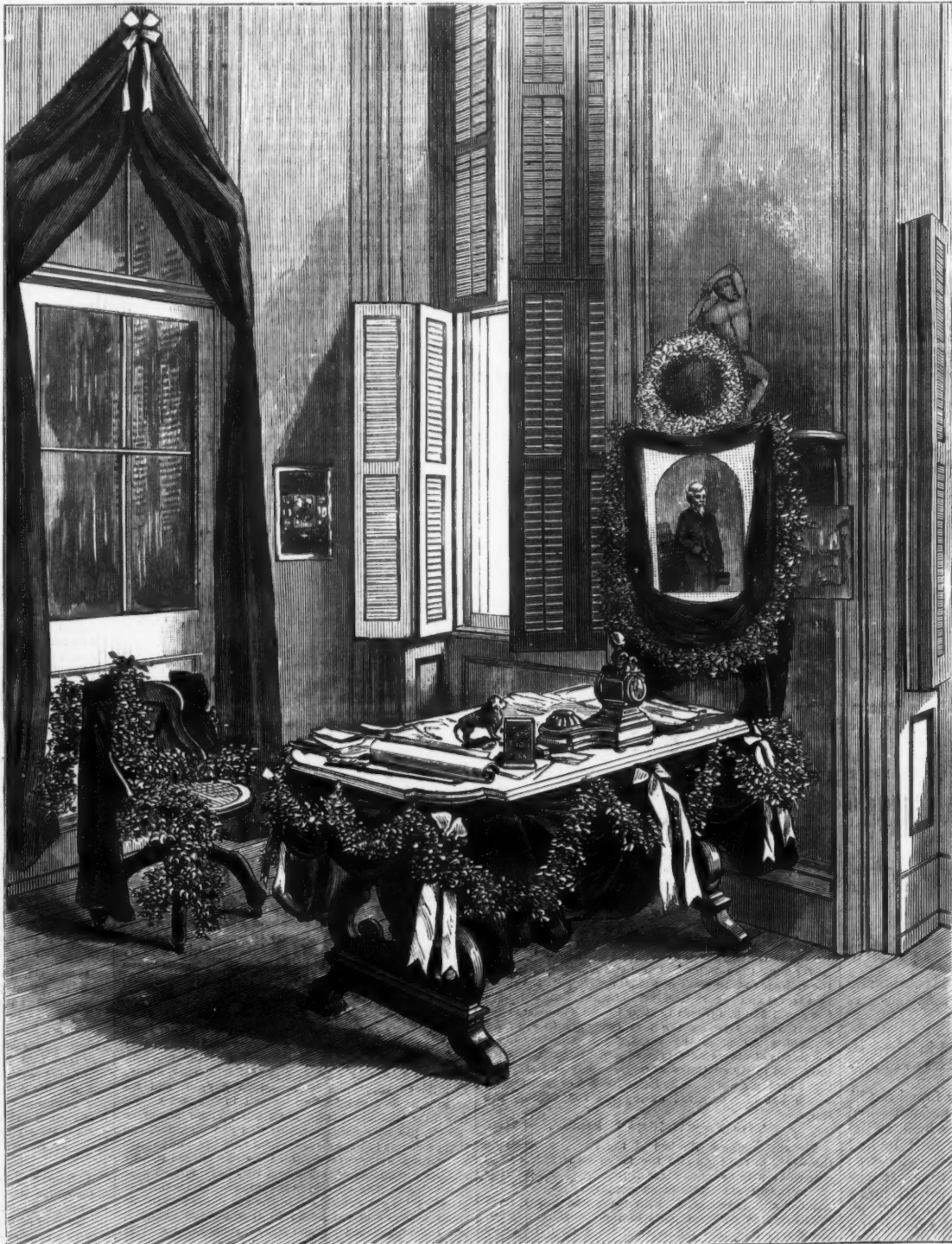


REVERSE OF THE MEDAL PRESENTED TO THE LATE FRANK LESLIE BY THE FRENCH GOVERNMENT IN 1867.

of the Fold, is still in a precarious condition. At times he starts up with a morbidly-ravenous appetite, calling for "Meat! meat!" and clawing and tearing it when he gets it with a ravenous appetite. The house-physicians declare that the boy's sufferings are directly caused by the lack of proper food and nourishment. They say that if the child had remained in the Fold five days longer he would have been a corpse.

DEATH OF AN AMERICAN EMPEROR.

THE late Joshua A. Norton, better known as "Norton I. Emperor of California and Protector of Mexico," was one of the most familiar characters of San Francisco. He was born in London, Eng., February 4th, 1817, of Jewish parentage, and settled in San Francisco in November, 1848, hailing from Valparaiso, Chile, where he arrived but a short time before from Cape Town, South Africa. He is remembered by the early pioneers as having been a shrewd, safe and prosperous man, possessing more than ordinary intelligence, fertile of resource and enterprise. His business pursuits were varied. At one time he was buying-partner for three or four mercantile houses in the interior of the State, and in this capacity manifested great business ability. Then he engaged in the real estate business, in which he continued, with apparent prosperity, a number of years. While in this business he became possessor of much valuable real estate, and, judging by the frequent occurrence of his name on the city and county records, and the monetary value represented, he was in those early times one of the largest land speculators. His hallucination was that he was Emperor of California and Protector of Mexico. In accordance with this belief, his sole purpose in life was to properly administer to his subjects, and do everything possible for the promotion of prosperity and the advancement of his dominions. His diplomatic relations with other countries were not lost sight of, and he profited by closely observing the progress or downfall of other nations, using their experience in his home policy. He claimed to have reconciled the French and Prussians, and to have brought about the peace that was established between them at the close of the Franco-Prussian War. He also claimed that the Rebellion was terminated through his intercession, and that the success attending the reconstruction of the Union was due, in a great part, to his wise counsel. California's great resources were his pride. San Francisco, his favorite city, he called "The Queen of the Pacific." By proclamations (which sometimes, to humor his whim, were published in the city press) he communicated to his subjects his ideas of progress and justice. His belief that he ruled most royally was strengthened by the homage that all showed him. He could readily be recognized by his dress, as he paid no attention whatever to the varying fashion. His coat was navy-blue, cut in military style, and lavishly trimmed with brass buttons. On the shoulders were heavy epaulets, usually tarnished with exposure to the weather. In his hat there always waved a plume of feathers. He always wore a button-hole flower. His scientific



THE DESK AND CHAIR, IN THE EDITORIAL ROOM, USED BY THE LATE FRANK LESLIE.

who called himself Secretary of the Shepherd's Fold, and his wife. Complaints had been made frequently to the Society against the way poor children sent to the Fold were treated, and the raid of the 17th was authorized by warrants issued by Judge Donohue of the Supreme Court, on the application of the Society's officer. The house, externally an imposing four-story, brown-stone structure, was visited early on Saturday morning by Superintendent Jenkins, and a number of the officers of the Society and the Police Department. Admission was denied, but the officers gained access, and made a thorough search of the premises. Twenty-four children, poorly dressed, sick, emaciated and nearly starved to death, were found. Hastily gathering them together, the officers had them dressed in their out-of-door clothing, and then hurried them into six coaches that were in waiting. From the house they were driven

to Tenth Avenue and Ninety-third Street from the house in East Sixtieth Street. Upon its removal possession of the Sixtieth Street house. Besides the complaints of interested parties, there have been many made to the Society by the neighbors, who said that the children were crying continually; also, that children were locked in the rooms, as was shown by the fact that other children had to pass food to them through the windows.

The children since their rescue have received the best of medical attention, of which they were in sore need. Food has been given them sparingly, and when the case comes up in court for thorough investigation, they will bear little resemblance to the woe-begone unfortunates of a week ago.

Louis Victor, the miserable child who was taken to St. Luke's Hospital, and the discovery of whose starvation and ill-treatment resulted in breaking up



REVERSE OF THE IMPERIAL COMMISSION MEDAL PRESENTED AS A SOUVENIR TO THE LATE FRANK LESLIE.



REVERSE OF THE MEDAL PRESENTED TO THE LATE FRANK LESLIE FOR SERVICES ON THE JURY OF THE FRENCH EXPOSITION, 1867.



THE HON. JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL, UNITED STATES MINISTER TO GREAT BRITAIN.

knowledge, though some times mixed, was considerable. He was on familiar terms with all officials, high and low, feeling that they were merely his favored subjects. He was temperate in his habits. When he wished money he would sign one of the Imperial drafts, and, presenting it to an acquaintance who humored his delusion, get it cashed. Norton was a member of the Masonic Order, belonging to Occidental Lodge, F. and A. M., San Francisco. As he was in good standing up to the time of the appearance of his malady, his brethren have since then contributed a regular stipend to his support. He is dead, and no citizen of San Francisco could have been taken away who would be more generally missed than Joshua A. Norton, alias Norton I., Emperor.

HON. JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL, who has been nominated by the President for Minister to England, is at present representing our Government at the Spanish Court. His nomination is in the line of a promotion to the highest diplomatic position with which it is in the power of the Republic to honor any of its citizens. In political matters he has never taken any prominent part; in public life he has simply filled for a pleasant season the post of Ambassador at Madrid, but in the great world of letters he has been long and most favorably known. He was born in Cambridge, Mass., February 22d, 1819, graduated at Harvard University in 1839, and studied law, but never practiced, preferring the walks of authorship, which he had entered before leaving college. In 1855 Mr. Longfellow resigned his position as Professor of Modern Languages and Belles Lettres in Harvard, and Mr. Lowell was appointed his successor; but instead of entering at once upon his new duties, he visited Europe and spent a year in study, chiefly at Dres-

den. From 1857 to 1862 he edited the *Atlantic Monthly*. When the alumni of Harvard University held the memorial services for those of its members who had fallen during the war, he wrote the poem for the sad occasion. In 1872 he made a second visit to Europe, spending two years in travel and study, and returning with the degree of LL.D. conferred upon him by the English University of Cambridge. In the Fall of 1874 President Grant tendered him the Mission to Russia, but he declined, and George H. Boker, of Philadelphia, was appointed. In July, 1877, President Hayes appointed him to the Spanish Mission, which he accepted, when the Faculty of the University refused to receive the resignation of his professorship and granted him instead an indefinite furlough. On the 16th of July he sailed from New York, and was accompanied down the harbor by a large company of distinguished people, and warm farewells were extended in the cabin of the steamship. His first published work was a volume of miscellaneous poems, entitled "A Year's Life," in 1841. Three years later he published a second volume of poems, in which the famous "Legend of Brittany" and "Prometheus" appeared. His remarkable work "The Bigelow Papers," a collection of humorous poems on political subjects, written in the Yankee dialect, was given to the public in 1848, and a second series was published in 1864.

RECEPTION OF EX-PRESIDENT GRANT IN HAVANA.

WITH the impression of the late cordial reception in Florida, General Grant has proceeded to Havana, thence to take steamer to that republic where as a young officer he first evinced the brilliant and soldier-like qualities which were at a later period of life to raise him to the command of one of the greatest armies in history. The General's party, consisting of Mrs. Grant, his son, Colonel Fred Grant and his wife, General P. H. Sheridan and his wife, and two young ladies, embarked on the steamer *Admiral* which left Key West at two o'clock on the morning of January 22d. A five hours' run was expected from that outlying port of our republic and the capital of the "Ever Faithful Isle," as Spaniards delight to call Cuba, but the weather disappointed the expectations. It was not till half past eleven that the *Admiral* steamed past Moro Castle. As the *Admiral* entered this port, a small steamer belonging to the Navy Department, and carrying General Arias, Civil Governor of the Province of Havana, and Confidential Adjutant of Captain-General Blanco, several staff officers, Henry C. Hall, the United States Consul, and a number of American citizens, among them General Webb, met the steamer. General Arias then tendered General Grant the hospitalities of the city, and an abode in the Palace, and said that Captain-General Blanco expressed regret at not being in the city to welcome General Grant, but that he hoped to arrive before the party went away. General Grant replied that he would be happy to meet General Blanco. The whole party, immediately after the exchange of courtesies, boarded the small steamer, and went ashore. Large crowds had assembled on the wharves and houses to witness the landing. The party entered carriages belonging to the Captain-General, and were driven to the Palace. Here the distinguished visitor was received at the foot of the staircase of the State Residence by General Callejas, Vice Governor-General, and by Joaquin Carbonell, Secretary of the Government. The scene engraved in this number from a photograph transports the reader to the spot and gives an idea of the interest felt in all classes to scrutinize in life the features of a great general whose fame is world-wide. After the official reception, which was conducted with all the grave and stately Spanish courtesy, General Grant took a drive in the afternoon and received a few intimate friends who happened to be in the city. Colonel of Engineers Cerero, Commander Rivera, Chief of Staff, and Cavalry Commander Sandoval, Adjutant of Captain-General Blanco, were commissioned to attend General Grant and party during their stay. As General Grant wishes to see the island, he will accept invitations to visit a few plantations during his brief sojourn, and as the wishes of his party will coincide with his own, they will enjoy a sight of the great sugar and tobacco plains that give Cuba her great wealth.

land at any risk, the count crossed the frontiers of that state, and demanded an audience of its King. This request was granted, and he was ushered into the presence of his Majesty, who, before returning his courteous salutations, or, indeed, taking any notice of him, caused 100 full-grown men, collected at court for that purpose, to be decapitated, and then condescended to investigate their remains with his own royal hands and eyes, in order to discover whether or not, on the whole, the omens deducible from them were auspicious

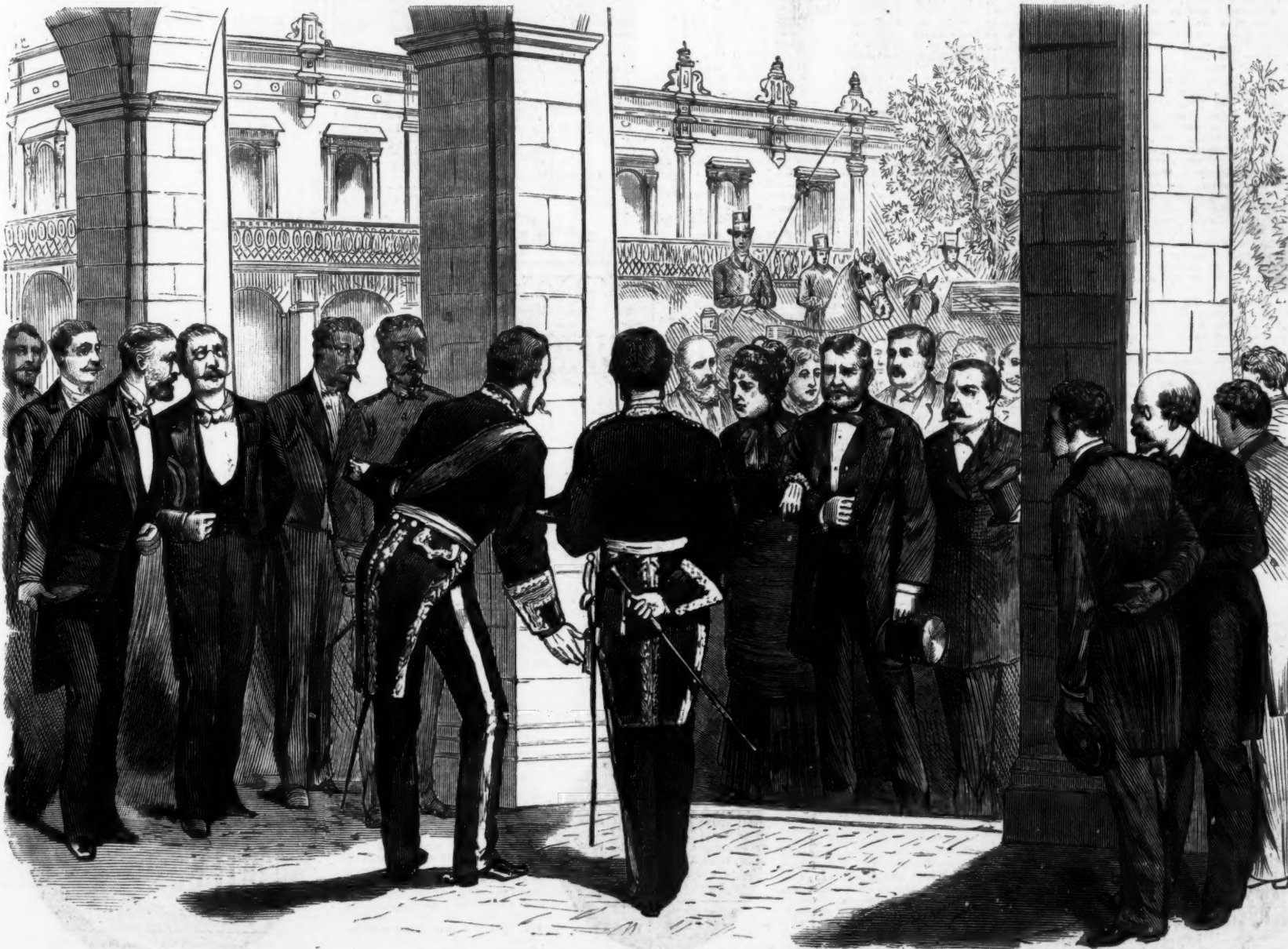


THE LATE EMPEROR NORTON I., OF SAN FRANCISCO, CAL. FROM A PHOTO. BY HOUSEWORTH & CO.

to his reception of the intrusive stranger. Fortunately for De Sémelle most of the bodily evidence thus collected proved favorable to him, whereupon the careful monarch greeted him with genial cordiality, and made him a present of twenty "ministering angels" on the spot. The bodies of the colored gentlemen which had been consulted with respect to the count's admission to court were cut up into small portions, and distributed among the inhabitants of the capital for culinary purposes. De Sémelle, who had the honor of supping with the King the same evening, was called upon to partake of the morning's sacrifice. This summons was addressed to him in so emphatic a manner that he did not think fit to decline the horrible invitation. A less ghastly entertainment awaited him in the Empire of Lokogda, although his reception there by the supreme local authorities was also of a somewhat startling character. When introduced to

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COUNT DE SÉMELLE who has just returned to Europe from a long and eventful journey in the interior of Africa, underwent, according to his own account, some uncommonly disagreeable experiences during his sojourn on the banks of the Niger. Among other startling episodes narrated in his account of his wanderings is that of his entertainment by the monarch of the Midgi country, against whom he had been warned by that sovereign's neighbors. By no means expectant of a cordial welcome, but resolved to visit Midgi-



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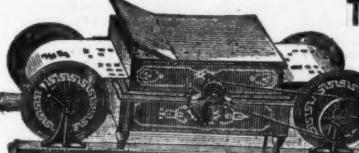
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